

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal  
CONDUCTED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS

No. 795. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## A DRAWN GAME.

BY BASIL.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE THE DEBT," ETC.

### CHAPTER XX. DUNS.

MRS. TUCK, as regards the match-making in hand, was like a skilful joiner who has to do with green wood—mortice it cunningly as he will it is liable after a little to shrink and start apart.

Ida was not in love at all, and Dick not ardently.

"Their loving voyage seemed but for two months victualled." There was every probability of their parting company before that time, when something occurred to intensify the seriousness of Dick's suit. In fact, the Philistines were upon him. Creditors to whom for years he had been civil, whom he had again and again admitted to an audience, and entertained with his happiest efforts, and with the happiest results; these very men, with incredible ingratitude, turned round upon him and demanded peremptorily an immediate settlement of their accounts.

Dick was much hurt by this revelation of the depths of human baseness. Like King Lear, he felt sharper than a serpent's tooth this treatment from those amongst whom he had magnanimously divided all he had to give—his custom. And what chiefly surprised and pained Dick, as he observed to his aunt, was to find that "the beggars with whom he had dealt longest were the most insolent!"

In truth, these Gonerils and Regans not only cut off the supplies, but overwhelmed him with abuse.

Dick's manner failing for the first time to be irresistible, he was fain to appease these harpies by the announcement of his engagement to a girl with six thousand pounds a year. Knowing that they would take

fifty per cent. off the fortune, he doubled the size of the figure to suit the short sight of their faith. Even then they couldn't see it. They liked not the security. In fact, they disbelieved in the fortune, in the engagement, in the girl herself, on the truly excellent ground of Dick's protestations of their existence.

"They doubt my word!" he cried in indignant amazement.

"Maybe you cried 'Wolf, wolf!' too often, Dick."

"Faith, aunt, it was always at the door. Poverty," he continued, with a meditative melancholy, as though face to face for the first time with the mystery of evil; "poverty is the devil!"

"Money, Dick, money. St. James says, 'Money is the root of all evil!'"

"To Jews! We're told he wrote specially for Jews, bad luck to them!" with a bitterness singular from him, but justified by his embittering pecuniary relations with the chosen people. "They've most of the money of the world among them, and play the deuce with it and no mistake; but it's the want of it that plays the deuce with a Christian. A poor man's like the small boy at school, he gets kicked all round. You saw that little snob in the hall, didn't you? He looked as if he'd slept in his clothes for a month without washing; fancy that infernal little cad telling me in so many words that I lied! I'd a great mind to pitch him out of the window to give him something to sue me for!"

"He's going to sue you?"

"So he says."

"We must let your engagement be known."

"I don't see how that would stop it, as it's got out that she's not to have a penny."

"Oh, once your engagement is known we can safely contradict that."

"What would be the good? 'Give a lie ten minutes start,' said Dan O'Connell, 'and all the truth in the world won't overtake it.' No, aunt; I see nothing for it but getting married, that is, if Mr. Tuck is safe to come down with something handsome on her marriage. He will, won't he?"

"He'll give something, I dare say."

"Ten thousand pounds?"

"Ten thousand pounds!"

"Five, then; he can't give her less than five."

"Five thousand pounds would be the very outside, Dick."

"Well, I might make five thousand do."

He would have discounted his prospects cheerfully for five thousand pounds down, if he had been sure of its extricating him from his immediate difficulties. For Dick would not merely kill the goose that laid golden eggs, but he would break for its yolk of gold an egg from which such a goose would certainly have been hatched.

"You don't owe five thousand pounds, Dick?" in consternation.

"I'm sure I can't say, aunt," with the utmost nonchalance. "Burgoyne would know. I've a letter or two from him somewhere, which I hadn't time to read."

Burgoyne was Dick's man of law and business, whose letters, as certain to be unpleasant, he had thrown aside unopened.

"But if you do get five thousand pounds and it's all swallowed up by debts at once, what have you left to live on?"

"You, aunt, you. My dear aunt, you couldn't live without Ida, and you must take her with her engagements."

Dick's impudence was of an engaging kind, and, besides, what he said was quite true—his aunt could not live without Ida.

"There must be no more duns then, Dick."

"Amen! I'm sure I don't want them, and no one has tried harder to keep clear of them. How that Ryan fellow found me out I can't imagine; but, faith, they're like vultures; they scent their prey miles off, and ten minutes after one swoops down on it, the ground's black with 'em."

"There's but one safe way to keep clear of them, Dick—to keep within your income."

"That is not half a bad idea, aunt, and I shall try it when I have an income."

"I don't know what you call three

hundred pounds a year, Dick. I had to make two hundred and fifty pounds do for many a year."

"Aye, but you had no expenses, aunt," with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. His aunt was as much tickled as Dick himself by this putting beyond question "the expenses," as though they were not the very thing in question.

In truth, his aunt was infatuated with Dick, and not his aunt only. It was hardly possible for anyone not to be overpowered in his presence by the charm of his face and manner—a charm which he had the art to make you believe only to exist, or only to be exerted for your sake, while he addressed himself to you. As this charm is inexpressible by description we despair of making credible Dick's conquests of hearts, from those of belles to those of bailiffs.

Yet Ida's was not conquered. Dick, sore pressed for the payment of his debts to others, pressed her sore for the payment of her debt to him. Still she hesitated and hung back, shrinking from the final, irrefragable step as certain to be as fatal as it was false. But, the outworks having been taken, it was not to be expected that the citadel would hold out long against Dick's hot assaults and the daily sapping and mining of Mrs. Tuck. Nor did it. Ida was at last worried and wearied into a consent to an early marriage, and Mrs. Tuck turned then her victorious arms against her poor dear husband to win more than a mere approval of the match—a substantial dowry—from him. The main thing was to come upon him in one of those rare moments when his mind was easy and unpreoccupied with fears of some imminent and deadly disease. At present it was gloomy with the terror of approaching paralysis. Whenever his foot or hand fell asleep Mrs. Tuck was at once sent for in a panic to prescribe, or to reassure him that a prescription was unnecessary.

These fears at last culminated one evening at dinner, when Mr. Tuck suddenly exclaimed in a voice of sad resignation:

"It has come at last!"

"What is it now, dear?" asked Mrs. Tuck in a tone of rather thin, worn-out sympathy.

"Paralysis! I've lost all feeling in my left leg."

"It's my leg you've been pinching, if you mean that," said Dick in an injured tone. Mr. Tuck, by carefully tracing his left leg from its source, was relieved to find

that he had indeed misappropriated the ill-used Dick's right leg.

"I really beg your pardon," with a demonstrative politeness, whose fervour was due to this relief from his horrible misgiving.

"Don't mention it," said Dick cheerily. "It was a very natural mistake, for my foot was asleep." This pleasant acceptance of Mr. Tuck's confusion of their identity helped to turn the laugh a little aside from the old gentleman's fatuity. Dick, however, with much tact took the thing as seriously as Mr. Tuck himself, and entered with surprising zest upon a dissertation on paralysis, laying down the law in his usual easy, absolute way. Both Dick and his aunt had the knack of picking up odds and ends and unconsidered trifles of knowledge on all subjects, and of piecing them together into a veneer that seemed solid at first sight. Besides, Dick laid down the law with a dogmatism so assured as to suggest that he must have made the subject in question the study of his life. Accordingly, Mr. Tuck listened with amazement and respect to Dick's disquisition on paralysis and its symptoms, which, it seemed, were precisely the opposite to those for which Mr. Tuck was always on the look-out. In vain Mr. Tuck quoted all his medical oracles. Dick made, indeed, loftily the concession that there were cases of which these were the premonitory symptoms, but they were invariably the cases of men whose habit of body was the precise opposite to that of Mr. Tuck. Here Dick was on the right tack. Mr. Tuck loved to talk, and to hear talk, about his constitution, which Dick made out to be in the main something like the British constitution, rather pury, plethoric, and flatulent, but sound on the whole. Mr. Tuck was as much amazed as delighted by the extraordinary insight and interest Dick showed in his discourse upon the only constitution worth a thought in the world, and he held out at some length that night to Mrs. Tuck on the mistake of a profession her nephew had made. Most certainly he ought to have been a doctor.

"A doctor!" Mrs. Tuck was affronted by the degrading suggestion, and mentioned a few of the Irish kings to whom Dick was akin. From this she branched off by a natural digression to all the brilliant matches which had been proposed to him in right of his birth, explaining his rejection thereof quite casually at the close by his constancy to Ida. This was one of Mrs. Tuck's

roundabout ways of broaching a critical subject. She would let drop carelessly and incidentally a passing allusion to it while on some other subject, as though the startling news was either notorious or unimportant.

"Attached to Ida!" exclaimed Mr. Tuck. "I should have thought he'd something else to think of," viz., hydrophobia.

Mrs. Tuck understood the allusion.

"Oh, it was long before that. He has loved her, I think, ever since he knew her. He'd have asked your consent to pay his addresses to her, if you hadn't been so upset with one thing or another of late."

"But she doesn't care for him?"

"I think she does."

"Why, you told me she cared for Seville-Sutton," as, indeed, Mrs. Tuck had.

"Now, James," in an aggrieved tone of remonstrance, "you know very well I said nothing of the sort. I said the Don cared for her, or for her fortune at least; but he has declared off since you told him you meant to leave your money to an asylum—a most appropriate bequest, I must say," bitterly.

"I told him!"

"Well, told some one who told him. Anyhow he heard of it, and drew off at once. Not that it mattered, for she'd never have had him, he's such a stick."

"It's the finest estate in the county."

"My dear James, Ida's not the girl to marry a stick, even if it were a gold stick—a gold stick in waiting," scornfully. "If you changed your mind to-morrow he'd change his; but Ida'll never change hers—you may depend upon that."

"I never said a word to him or any one about leaving money to a lunatic asylum," querulously, harking back to this grievance. His thoughts by no centrifugal force could be kept long flying wide from himself. "I said something about leaving money to an hospital when you were worrying me to make a will."

"I don't know what you call worrying. I merely suggested to you, the last time you were going to die, that your mind might be easier if your will were made."

Mrs. Tuck regretted her vengeance in the moment of taking it, and hastened to kiss the place and make it well.

"Indeed, James, the worrying is all the other way. You keep me in continual misery about your health, though you know my life is bound up with yours. I can't bear to hear you always talking as if you were going to die. I can't even

bear to think of such men as Mr. Seville-Sutton counting on your death, wishing for it, and watching to find you worse every day. I'd much rather you'd give Ida something on her marriage, and have done with it at once."

This shaft shot home. Mr. Tuck had always imagined his health a subject of universal interest, but never of an interest of this vulturous kind. It was sickening to think that such men should exist; but as it was not possible to prevent or remedy their existence, it remained only to cut away the basis of their ghoulis speculations. Now Mr. Tuck's horror of such speculations was not merely sentimental. He was full of superstitions, and had a vague kind of idea that his health might be injuriously affected by these diabolical longings for his death.

This brilliant stroke Mrs. Tuck followed up by observing that, fortunately, all men were not so mercenary as Mr. Seville-Sutton, instancing Dick, who didn't dare even to think of Ida until he heard that she had been disinherited. But she protested Dick's disinterestedness so much, that Mr. Tuck began to hope he would take Ida not only without prospects, but without even a present dowry. Wherefore Mrs. Tuck had to lay great stress on the importance to the world of the Tuck family credit being kept at the high level it had attained and maintained for so many centuries.

When, however, Mrs. Tuck had made it clear that Ida must have a dowry, not of course in Dick's interests, but in those of the honour of the house of Tuck, her poor dear husband was stricken with sudden and serious misgivings as to the propriety of Dick's marrying at all, to say nothing of his marrying Ida. For was there not hydrophobia in his blood, which might break out at any moment, and might even be handed down to his children? In the public interest, and as a matter of mere public policy, Dick should be doomed to celibacy. This public-spirited objection Mrs. Tuck also overruled with her usual diplomatic skill, and wrung at last from her poor dear husband, not only his assent to the marriage, but the promise of a dowry for Ida of ten thousand pounds. The amount was beyond her utmost expectations, but was of course promised on the condition that neither she nor Dick was to look for anything more at his death. Mrs. Tuck in this matter had over-shot the mark a little, having roused in

Mr. Tuck such a morbid horror of making any one a beneficiary by his death, that henceforth nothing would induce him to make a will while the faintest hope of life remained to him. Mrs. Tuck, of course, readily agreed to this arrangement, by which, equally of course, she had not the slightest intention to abide. She knew perfectly well that she would have the dictation of her poor dear husband's will when it came at last to be made, and she had generously determined that, with the reservation of a moderate provision for herself, every penny of his fortune should go to Ida. For Mrs. Tuck, false, tricky, and mercenary as she has shown herself, had yet some idea of justice, and a very high idea indeed of generosity. If she had been born to the good fortune she achieved late in a harassed life, she would not have been given more than most women to cunning and deceit, the weapons of weakness; but in her childhood she had been bullied into falsehood by a harsh stepmother, and for the rest of her life, up to her second marriage, she had been almost forced by circumstances into a weary struggle to make twopence-halfpenny in copper pass for a silver threepence.

## REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

### IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

THE natives of Jamaica are childish and ridiculously superstitious, every action, word, and thought is full of the supernatural. They are horribly and unmistakably afraid of spirits, a fact which induced me to think that something must be visible to them, though unseen by our eyes. I came to this conclusion, not from conviction, or because I ever saw the shadow of a duppy (ghost), though Admiralty House was supposed to be peopled with several deceased commodores, but because the fear is everywhere—not confined to hundreds or thousands, but universal in the breast of every black man, woman, and child in Jamaica, educated and ignorant. I know this inordinate terror was extremely inconvenient. When once a duppy had possession of a house its value went down proportionately, as no native servants would sleep in it for love or money.

"But, Mrs. M——," I said to our coloured nurse, who was nervous about going out under the shadow of some large trees at night, "have you ever seen any yourself?" "Yes, m'a!" she exclaimed in a high shrill tone, her black eyes opening wide. "I



have seen a plenty, m'a. Good king!" The last, a Jamaica exclamation resembling "Good Heavens!" at the bare remembrance of what she had seen. "But what are they like?" I continued. "Like doppies, m'a," was the only explanation I could get.

When Miss N——, the celebrated amateur flower-painter, came to the hills to paint the "Mountain glory," as it appeared radiant on the hillside, she took Gardens House. Here, sitting before her easel in the cool verandah, double glasses in hand, she looked across the ravine and beheld this magnificent lilac flower in its greatest beauty, shooting up in giant spikes from cliffs quite inaccessible to man, but, having no English servant, she had to sleep in the spacious, silent old house quite alone. Each day at sundown the servants left her, and trooped merrily down to their homes at Gordon Town, where entire families herd together as thick as they can stow, in an atmosphere much resembling that of a slave-deck in the Mozambique Channel. Gardens Great House had, unfortunately, "a bad name."

I was returning home by moonlight on one occasion alone after a bazaar, and had sent the servants on before. I had passed safely over the dangerous plank, which, at that time, constituted our only means of crossing the river, and was mounting the steep path, when, crouched down on a stone, with his face buried in his hands, I recognised our stalwart cook. "What are you doing here, F——?" I said. "I told you to go on quickly and get me some tea." "Yes, missus," said he, starting up and following me closely. "I waitin' 'pon missus, de carner round dere," pointing to a thick clump of trees ahead. "Dat carner have a bad neame. Plenty duppies dere, my king!" I laughed heartily as we passed the suspected corner, in which he feebly and shakily joined, but he never left my shadow till a cheerful, blazing fire in the kitchen and cook's quarters came into view, when he made a dart in at the door, shutting it safely behind him.

Rats have a great deal to do with duppies, I am convinced; our house had a singularly bad name for both these nightly visitants; but our servants and family were altogether so numerous, filling up every room, that, except when we were down at Port Royal, and the place silent and empty—when awful histories were recounted on our return—duppies did not trouble our household much. Lying awake

in my bedroom, which gave on to the verandah, I often heard during the quietest hours, slow, pattering, uncertain steps, and then some heavier body being dragged over the dry, sounding old chestnut floor, followed by a stifled cry. Stockings, boots, gloves, and quite large dolls used mysteriously to disappear every night, and for some time we never could account for it, until in one corner of the verandah a hole was discovered, out of which protruded the foot of a highly-respected and deeply-mourned doll. After this we set traps with great success, catching some aged rats of enormous size and strength, capable of mortal combat with an army of duppies.

To make a hideous noise is considered efficacious in scaring away duppies. Long before it is light, hundreds of women bearing the produce of the little yam-patch on their heads, meallies, bananas, koko, skellion, yam, all on their way to the market at Kingston, stream down the mountain paths, each one in turn making a frightful noise, something between scaring crows and a yell; this is taken up by the next one ahead, and thus partially reassured they trudge on till welcome daylight appears, when their spirits rise, and the ceaseless and senseless chatter, peculiar to the Jamaican female, commences; when it ends none can tell—certainly not till sundown and the reign of duppies again. Conversation is carried on at the very top of a particularly harsh voice; you would fancy that they were one and all quarrelling violently. Not at all, they are only conversing in their natural tones like a parcel of jays, each lady addressing her companion as ma'am, shortened into m'a, with much apparent formality. Their gait is remarkable: shoulders square and hips swaying under the tremendous burthen carried with such ease and grace on their heads; they get over the ground at an astonishing pace, their gowns kilted high, giving free play to their limbs, till "fashion" demands that it shall be loosed to trail about a foot on the ground, along the filthy streets of Kingston.

A servant of all work is almost unknown in this country, each one having his or her particular department, beyond which they rather pride themselves on knowing nothing. Their leisurely movements and slow rate of work would scandalise an active English housekeeper. Our house-cleaner in the hills resided at the Gardens. About nine a.m. she would saunter in provided with her stock-in-trade, which consisted of a few fresh limes, a rubber, and

some bees-wax. Paraffine was occasionally substituted for the limes. After living upon her knees for several hours, at work upon the floor, and making our nice rooms, though open to the outer air, smell dreadfully of Jamaica women, flavoured with cocoa-nut oil, with which they plentifully bedaub their heads, she would announce that her "toot hurt her" (toothache) and depart, trailing a horrid old greenish-black gown after her. For this entertainment we paid two shillings.

The hardest worked and worst paid servant is the market-woman, an institution peculiar to the hills, where, as there are no tradespeople, supplies must be procured daily from the market at Kingston. For the poor sum of one shilling and sixpence per day, a fine, tall, strapping young woman willingly walks twelve miles into Kingston, bringing back a heavy load upon her head, uphill the whole way. When ice had to be brought during the illness of our child, the poor market-woman constantly arrived with the melted water streaming from the basket on her head, down the nape of her neck and back, and so to the ground, forming little pools wherever she rested for a moment.

The many virtues of our coloured nurse have been recounted in a former paper upon Port Royal.\* There everything was conducted in the household with naval regularity, but in the hills each servant would have squatted outside the kitchen-door in the sun, doing nothing, thinking of nothing, for at least ten hours out of the twenty-four, had it not been for the ceaseless supervision exercised over their goings-out and comings-in, by my trusty English maid and housekeeper, of whose fine presence and awe-inspiring demeanour they stood in wholesome dread. She was a great power among them, and could beat down the market-women to half what they impudently but smilingly demanded of me, and when their "toot hurt them," or their head—they suffer much from neuralgia in their rotten teeth, caused by an inordinate fondness for sugar-cane—they would come to her in a dejected and forlorn way, ridiculous to behold, as to one who could certainly cure every ill, and in whose pepper-plasters they had unbounded confidence.

Except in the comparatively rare instance of a mountain storm, profound stillness usually reigned during the night at the Gardens. Leaning out of the wide

verandah-window when the moon had risen, a beautiful soft radiance bathed the lovely valley and gorge, glinting upon the shingle roofs of the buildings at Gordon Town, and lighting up the foaming Hope and its grey rocks with burnished silver. It was especially resting, when worn with cares and anxieties as to what the morrow might bring forth, to listen to the rejoicings of millions of happy insects who came out of their shady bowers when night fell, and frolicked in the glad air. Fire-flies hurled themselves across the grass, coming down with such force as to extinguish their light for an instant, when on they went in their mad flight; frogs and tree-frogs in chorus croaked out their satisfaction; beetles, moths, locusts, and a great fat green insect the shape of a turtle, banged themselves against the window-sashes in a gallant endeavour to storm the lights within. All Nature seemed glad in the mere fact of living—each voice becoming mute as if by one consent just before the dawn of day. One night, between two and three, I became aware that the soft notes of a multitude of wind instruments were floating down the ravine; they sounded in my half-awakened ears like the music of heaven. Now it was gone, and must have been only a dream, when lo! a fresh burst, coming nearer, convinced me that it was no dream, but the homeward-bound regiment marching by night from Newcastle to Kingston for embarkation. How lovely the swelling notes of a wailing march, dying away almost to silence as they wound round one of the mountain gorges, and swelling out as they emerged again! Gordon Town is reached, and level ground; here the full band bursts forth into Home, Sweet Home. Louder and louder, tramp, tramp, as one man, I could hear their firm, glad feet. They are going home, home! while we have yet more than a year to stay. I could hardly bear it by the time they had played the last note, and were gone far beyond my hearing down to the plains below. Home-sickness seizes one with irresistible force when unnerved by anxiety and illness.

Society for us was at that time a dead letter; we were shunned as if plague-stricken, and with reason, after the yellow-fever. Twice a week when — returned from Port Royal, we trooped down to the Gardens to meet his carriage and carry up the packages; this was the only glimpse of the outer world we ever got. After a while our visits to Port Royal became

\* ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, Vol. 32, p. 389, "Port Royal."

more frequent as the place resumed its healthiness, and the crews returned refreshed and cheered from Bermuda. A long line of reddish graves on the palisades, and the three at Craigton, reminded us, who were spared, of how much we had to be thankful for. At first, though looked at askance by the few white people, we attended the well-kept little church in Gordon Town, where they are fortunate in the possession of a good and kindly clergyman; but as a tramp up and down in the sun from eleven to one knocked up most of us for the day—we became very careful, from sad experience, only to go out morning and evening—a regular service of our own was established in the front verandah. It was punctually attended by all the servants, who would on no account have “shirked,” as many an English household does, whenever it is practicable. A pleasant and attentive congregation they made in the smartest of Sunday clothes, and countenances to match, joining in the hymns and chants with melody and goodwill. In crossing the rooms, the dry old floors resounded to the tread of their heavy splay feet. Quite absurd it was to see them huddled together, each one conscious only of his remarkably thick boots, and trying, but in vain, to subdue some of their inordinate creaking by a futile endeavour to tread gingerly. Safely arrived at the seats provided, tremendous sighs, enough to blow a baby away, escaped them, continued at frequent intervals throughout the service. Sunday must have been truly a day of penance, for on no other occasion, save a wedding or funeral, do they ever wear boots, shoes, or thick black cloth clothes. The women, if possible, present a still greater contrast between everyday attire and a gorgeous Sunday toilette. Light-green is a very favourite colour, well distended over starched petticoats that stand alone, a train of ample length and width trailing behind in the dust or mud, as the case may be; hair, glistening with coconut oil, tightly plaited in innumerable little tails, as if in a vain endeavour to straighten some of its wiry crinkles, surmounted with a white straw hat, loaded with gay and cheap flowers and ribbons of every hue. A prayer and hymn book, bound round with a clean and never-to-be-unfolded pocket-handkerchief, is considered important, whether they can read or not. Thus attired, the Jamaica woman proceeds leisurely, with great dignity of carriage,

bridling and smirking, on her way to church. Very seldom is a really handsome woman to be met with. The eyes are too much like restless black beads, cheek-bones too high, and the mouth too coarse for beauty, but many faces are most attractive, particularly when lighted up with pleasure or amusement.

Craigton Church was always well-filled, ministered to by the good and charitable man who for half his lifetime has lived, beloved and trusted, among them. When this church was blown down in a violent hurricane (so violent that even some solid marble crosses were laid low and hurled to the bottom of the valley, where they were found after many days' search), the poorest dwellers in countless little huts round about, contributed something each month to the rebuilding, and sat contented under the shady side of the hill, listening to their dear pastor, from his pulpit—the only thing remaining entire—under a pine-tree.

There is a good deal of revivalism in the mountains, when curious scenes of real or simulated religious enthusiasm are enacted. We always knew pretty well if a revival meeting was going on in one or other of the little tenements above us, the most heartrending cries and groans proceeding from the subject “whom the Spirit had moved;” but beyond winding themselves up to a pitch of fervour nearly resembling insanity, when they would cast themselves upon the earth and writhe as if in torment, I never heard that it influenced them any way, or to any good or useful purpose.

Two earthquakes occurred while we were in Jamaica; the first, in the middle of the night, awoke the Aboukir's people, who thought her anchors had been suddenly let go and all the cables run out, accompanied by a violent trembling of the ship, which caused a very serious leak in her worm-eaten timbers. I was asleep at Trafalgar, St. Ann's, when I awoke feeling the bed being first rocked, and then violently pushed over on one side, accompanied by a rattling of all the crockery. But with the exception of the great historical earthquakes of 1602 and 1692, no earthquakes or hurricanes of any very dangerous strength are recorded in Jamaica, whereas in many of the neighbouring West India Islands hurricanes are of almost yearly occurrence between June and November, and are fearfully destructive to life and property. A well-known doggerel among

mariners in the West Indies is very much to the point, namely :

July, stand by, August, a gust ;  
September remember, October all over.

The second earthquake happened about two p.m. and sounded exactly as if an army of four-footed beasts were rushing about overhead, accompanied by a great creaking of the massive beams.

Jamaica has a future, and a great future, first in the cultivation of fruit for export to the United States, to which industry Sir J. P. Grant gave so great an impetus, and secondly, in that of tobacco, for which the soil is especially favourable. Year by year labour becomes scarcer ; Lascars, Coolies, and Kroomen have all been tried and failed—financially ; the Jamaica negro, who is, of course, better than any imported labour, being on the spot and acclimatised, will not work. He can live entirely to his own satisfaction on the wages of two days a week, his wife “finding” herself and the children ; meanwhile the cane rots during the other four days in which he prefers to sit still and do nothing. The women, on the contrary, often work very hard, plodding on, ill or well, with exemplary patience at their task, be it cutting and carrying an enormous bundle of guinea-grass on their head, down a declivity hardly less steep than a stone wall ; be it digging over the family yam-patch, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and conveying the proceeds to market. By cottage-door and mountain-path, men, asleep on their faces, are constantly to be seen reposing from the fatigues of an hour's work. “Dem well lazy,” exclaimed a smart young black girl, giving each prostrate body a sharp cut with a twig as she passed them, and then looking back at us with a smile that showed all her milk-white teeth at once. Native labour being absolutely unattainable, all cultivation must be carried on under difficulties ; for these reasons, combined with excessive cheapness and competition in the sugar-market, many once rich “Caymans” at Linstead, and other fertile places, have been thrown up. Cuban tobacco-planters, weary of perpetual rebellion and warfare in their own island, have taken these “cane-pieces,” cane no more, brought their labourers over, and planted them with tobacco. It is a well-known fact that only in that part of Cuba immediately contiguous to Havanna is the very best tobacco grown. On that part of the coast of Jamaica immediately opposite Havanna, and

which the shallower soundings show to have once been connected with Jamaica, the same conditions exist, the same humid climate with hot sun, the same coloured earth, about the same irrigation ; it would seem as if it only remained for the same care to be exercised in its cultivation and manipulation when dried, for a new and enormously valuable industry to arise out of the dust, it may be once more to elevate Jamaica into her former prosperous condition among the islands. At present these greatly desired results have not arrived, Jamaica tobacco not obtaining a high price in the market.

When drawing towards the close of my reminiscences, memory seems only to dwell upon our sweet early-morning rambles ; the lovely mountain scenery, which no poor words of mine can adequately describe ; the helpful kindness bestowed upon us in our need by unselfish and noble-hearted people ; the great, cool, old house mellowed and beautified by the passage of a hundred years over its grey roof. I remember those lovely, still, tropical nights, whose profound peace did so much to heal the troubled minds lying under the shadow of a great dread—all our busy and useful life of ceaseless occupation, and again I feel our intense thankfulness when once more restored to the blessings of health. All else has fled into the dim distance, never, however, to be recalled, save with grief and pain.

#### THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

It is a thousand pities that the late Fisheries Exhibition has stirred up such a deal of envy, if not of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

This is what comes of giving prizes. It is astonishing how people will fight one another about a bronze medal. No doubt the Greeks did the same about their crowns of parsley and bay-leaves. If out of twenty competitors nineteen get crowned, the odd man would be sure to move heaven and earth to prove that “somebody” had acted unfairly.

You cannot satisfy everybody. I, for instance, walking the other day in Thanet, between miles of land heavily manured with sprats, could not help blaming the Commissioners for not having invented a way of bringing the fish and the hungry mouths together. Of course they can do nothing ; still, it is a pity. As an East End parson who was with me said, if Government



owned the railways, they might arrange to run up a glut of sprats or herrings and put it into the hands of distributors who should therewith provide a fish-dinner for the children whom we find it necessary to feed at board-schools. But, bless me, what an interference that would be with supply and demand! Better five hundred starvelings should go dinnerless than that one child whose parents can afford to give it a good dinner should get fed for nothing.

I do not think the sixpenny dinner at the Exhibition was a success. The fish was very coarse, but the great want was an army of waiters. Nothing less would have done on the day when I fed there. I should not have fed at all had not a kind policeman taken me round a back way and put me where a very small silver key ensured prompt attention.

What pleased me best was the night view of the place. By day I was always stumbling over coils of rope instead of finding what I was looking for; and I cannot say that the boats of all nations interested me much. My first visit was made early, when some of the most curious things—those from India, for instance, and from the Sandwich Islands—had not yet come; so that there was a good deal of monotony about the thing.

But what of the net result of the Exhibition? Is trawling good or bad, for instance? Does it destroy millions on millions of young soles, or are they only, as some one said, a kind that never grows any bigger and would only eat up the food of the more profitable species? Is the trawl-net a beneficent engine, stirring up the bottom of the sea, as a "scarifier" stirs up a foul bit of ground, and getting rid of useless matter, animal and vegetable, even as that machine gets rid of "twitch"? or does it, on the contrary, carry destruction into the feeding and spawning grounds, as if you were to plough up a good field of clover in order to get at the few potatoes that were remaining from last year's crop? Who can tell? Certainly no one who reads the endless little books which are one chief outcome of the Exhibition. A says one thing, B says just the opposite; and whether A or B is right, who can determine? Again, ought there to be a close time for sea as well as for river fish? Mr. Huxley, the trawlers' friend, loudly and emphatically said, "No." He went in for free-trade in fishing of the most unrestricted kind; and Mr. Huxley is a great authority

—on geology. Most of the practical men were against him (though there was, as we shall see, a grand split in the Canadian camp). I, living not far from the East Anglian Coast, have questioned several Lynn fishermen; and I certainly gathered from them that trawling does cause immense waste of very young cod as well as of other things, and that shrimping is worse still, and has quite ruined what were once good spawning-beds. Will anything come of all this vast amount of fishery literature? Will anybody settle the trawling question? Will anybody stop the pollution of rivers? Will it do any good to have aired all these theories, and to have used up so much paper and printers'-ink, and the nerve-force of so many authors and compositors? One practical question I want to hear about—what is to become of the surplus? Will some of it be used to found a school of observation like that which has been for some time at work at Naples? and would such a school be likely to do any real good or would it degenerate into a means of giving a small income to a few dilettanti? Then there is the great question of breeding coarse fish for poor men's eating. Mr. Blomefield calculated how much the acreage of the small Irish lakes amounts to, and how many pounds of carp they might send weekly to the Manchester market. If carp is really worth breeding (and they would not go in for it so largely in Germany if it were not), why not stock all our ponds, and dig out the stews which yet remain as hollows at the bottom of many an old manor-house garden, especially if the said house is built on the ruins of some abbey? And to do all this, money would be wanted. Even thrifty America keeps a big pond close to the White House, out of which it gives away young carp for stocking. We ought to spend some of the surplus in doing the same, if the thing is worth doing; but my mind misgives me about carp. I never tasted it but once, and then it was detestable. "Fault of cooking." Probably. Our weakness in fish-cookery was forcibly brought out in one of the most interesting of all the papers—that on the Japanese Fisheries, read by Mr. Narinovi Okoshi, with Mr. Sonoda Kokichi in the chair.

The Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat-eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or rather to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet. Clearly

Mr. Okoshi is not one of these. He was enthusiastic about the excellence of his native fish dinners. He told us that the reason why fish is not more eaten in England, is not because of its price or because of the difficulty of transport, but because we cook it so badly. "To boil it is simply to take away the best part of its flavour; with us there are as many varieties of fish-cooking as there are different kinds of fish."

The Japanese fishing acreage is given at more than half as much again as the tillable area of the islands, and the sea is said to yield seventeen times as much, acre for acre, as the land. Mr. Okoshi, whose facts were taken from Japanese blue-books, seemed rather staggered at the number of fisher-folk—over one and a half million; while in the United Kingdom the men and boys are given at only a hundred and fourteen thousand. He doubted if all were bonâ-fide, even including the sirens in red bathing-dress, who dive for sea-ears and other delicacies. However, as they have a hundred and eighty-seven thousand boats, they need a good-sized army to man them.

They have fish-culture—they have even begun to put fish in tins—but strange to say, they do not seem to breed salmon, which is confined to the northern island, Yezo. Carp and eels and bream are the chief fresh-water fish. In the sea they catch thousands of tons of sardines, for food as well as for manure, and tunnies, and bêche de mer, and octopus. In Mr. Lee's *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, is a picture of a fishmonger's shop in Tokio, with customers buying octopus just as naturally as if it were cod or turbot. Octopus-pots are as regular an institution in Japan as crab-pots in England. The bêche is speared as it lies at the sea bottom, a little oil being thrown on the surface, to help the fisherman's eyes by making the water smooth. Japan did not send over so much to us as she would have done had she not had a national fisheries exhibition of her own this year; but one thing was worth noting—the way in which the nets are dressed with persimmon-juice; it ought to be much cheaper than tanning. In the discussion, the chairman was justly very severe on the old treaties; they were, he said, imposed under pressure, and must be revised. Whether they are or not will depend on the relative strength of "British interests" and British justice. Our merchants will say: "Leave things alone;" our conscience will whisper: "Do

the right thing, and do not delay any longer about it." Mr. Kokichi put it very mildly when he said: "Treaties so concluded naturally lack that equitable character which is essential between friendly powers." In plain English, the Japanese knew nothing of our commercial and other usages, and we made profit out of their ignorance; they were strangers and we took them in.

It takes well-nigh the circuit of the world to bring us from Japan to West Africa, whose fisheries were described by Captain Moloney. It will be news to most that the shrimp-catching at Lagos is almost as important as that round the Nore; and that the "nigger" (always clever in anything relating to cookery) has a way of half-roasting, half-smoking, which may be compared with the making of bloaters. The difference is that bloaters will not keep; whereas a basket of shrimps, dried in the fireplace after being smoked, will go as far as Timbuctoo without getting spoiled.

The need of a close time for river-fish is universally acknowledged. Thanks to its being adopted, we begin to have salmon in rivers whence that king of fish had been exiled since the Hanoverian dynasty came in. But how about sea-fish? We used to read in the old-school science catechisms of the countless number of eggs in a cod's roe. Why protect the cod, or the herring, or the sole, or the mackerel? "Why, indeed?" reply Mr. Huxley and a chorus of savans. "You'll be fools for your pains if you do." One grain of fact, however, is worth more than tons of theory; and, as M. Joncas, the Canadian commissioner, proved, the Canadian banks are suffering from being over-fished. In the Baie des Chaleurs on the St. Lawrence, from Rimouski to Cap Chat, there was a few years ago a cod-fishery on a large scale which has wholly died out. The same with the in-shore fisheries in the Gaspé district. Everywhere the men have to go farther out, because the fish have not been protected when they came in shore to spawn.

And this need of going so far out means the ruin of the small man. It is what keeps back the Irish fisherman on the west coast. For him, in his skin corrach, five miles are the farthest limit of safety. But the fish have been driven far beyond that, and now can only be followed in the big-decked boats of Manxmen or East Anglians. In Canada, likewise, the cheap little boats that used to answer very well are now useless, and the greater cost of boats that

will weather from twenty-five to forty miles of sea has doubled the price of cod. Then, again, so much time is lost owing to the fishing-grounds having been moved so far off. The men are often kept ashore idle; a gale often comes on just as they have got to the grounds; and after a take, instead of being within rowing distance of their market, they must, if becalmed, see their fish spoiled unless they have the luck to ship them on board a steamer.

I said there was a division of opinion in Canada; the Hon. A. W. M'Lellan, Fisheries Minister for the Dominion, and most of the Canadians hold with Dr. Goode Brown, the American fish minister, that protection is needed if the harvest of the sea is to be kept up. Mr. Wilmot was specially hard on Professor Huxley's inaugural address; but the free fishers have a small following even in the Dominion. When I read first one and then the other, each thoroughly proving his own case, I grow almost as muddled as those poor Welshmen who came up by an excursion train, and got so hopelessly drunk on the journey that, when they were landed from the private omnibus, they could do nothing but lie down and go to sleep round the entrance. That certainly was not an edifying result of the Exhibition.

Among the authoritative handbooks is one on "the unappreciated fisher-folk." Unappreciated by whom? I thought everybody knew about the Newhaven fishwives—how they always manage the house and keep the purse; how they are mighty strong, and as handsome as they are strong. Four of them once trotted with a creel full of fish, the twenty-six miles from Dunbar to Edinburgh, in five hours. Sir Walter, who studied them at Auchmithie, saw them rushing into the water to bring their husbands and sons ashore on their shoulders. "You take a dram, I perceive," said he—how had he found that out, I wonder? "Oh, 'deed we dee that, an' we hae muckle need o' 't tee." The bane of the Scotch herring fishermen is the speculative "curer," who supplies sanguine young men who don't like to serve other boatmasters with boat and gear complete; and, then, if the poor fellow has a run of ill-luck, it goes hard with him. If, on the other hand, he has a few of those nights when one boat's load is worth a hundred pounds, he soon clears all off. A few very good takes may be bad for the curer; his salt may run short; he may not have hands enough to keep up with the

gutting, for to get the best brand the herring must be cured the day they are caught.

Boats are much dearer than they were. The open yawls of twenty years ago have given place to decked boats costing some two hundred and seventy pounds a piece; but this is more than made up for in the greater value of the takes. But it is no use having big boats unless you use steam-tugs. A little yawl might be rowed to land, a big one may chance to be becalmed till all the take is spoiled.

One gets an idea of the importance of the fishery when one reads that the nets of the herring fleets that may be seen any night during the season off the Aberdeenshire coast would stretch six times across the North Sea. One boat will often have two miles of nets. As to the gutting, that can be done by an active woman at the rate of two dozen a minute, so that she can fill a barrel—of which more than a million are yearly filled in Scotland—in thirty-five minutes, and the price is fourpence a barrel, except, of course, when there is a glut, and the "gutter" is at a premium. It is in Scotland at herring time as it is in Cornwall when "the huers have sighted fish" (i.e. pilchards): everybody becomes a fisher or a "gutter" for the nonce. Cobblers, gardeners, and their wives and daughters run down to the coast. A crowd of Highlanders and islanders coming to earn "an orra pound or may be twa," add novelty to the scene, and the produce of all this bustle is worth about two and a half millions sterling.

The Yarmouth men are not satisfied with the herring at home. They go off and seek the cod, turbot, sole, etc., in the great North Sea Fishery, though their boats, though a good deal bigger than the Scotch, do not nearly come up to those of Great Grimsby. A Grimsby smack, with all its gear, costs as much as sixteen hundred pounds.

The conservatism of fishermen is shown in the bait they make such a fuss about. The Scotch go in for mussels, sending for them down to the Humber, or round to the Clyde, or even to Hamburg; and the Dutch will have lamperns, for which they send to England; while the herring, a surer bait than either, is comparatively little used.

I am quite sure the Cornish fishers are not unappreciated. The amount that has been written upon "huers," who go to the cliff-tops to look out for shoals, and signal them to the boats below, by waving furze-

bushes, and about seines, and pilchard palaces, and "fair maids," as the fumados (smoked fish) are currently called, is enough to have taught every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom all about them. Down in the West those uncompromising Cornish Protestants always used to drink "long life to the Pope," because he was supposed to promote the eating of salt fish, and thereby to further their trade. Wages are low in Cornwall—from eight to twelve shillings a week, the master-seamen only getting his weekly guinea and a bonus on every hundredth hogshead. St. Ives is one of the great centres; and there, as more lately in the far north of Scotland, there used to be rows between the local men and the Lowestoft crews about Sunday fishing. The Cornishmen thought it very unfair that their rivals should be able to send off a train-load on Monday morning, while they had to wait till next day.

This "unappreciated fisher-folk" work is provokingly brief about the Chinese fishermen, not finding space even to trot out the familiar cormorant; and it does not say a word about that destructive substitute for fishing which goes on in the Indian paddy-fields. At the monsoon the fields are absolutely "strained" to get the fry, and every irrigation channel has its wicker-work trap; and yet, so exuberant is Nature, that one hears not a word about the supply running short.

One of its suggestions ought certainly to be followed up. Fishermen should insure. They do not as a rule, just as sailors do not learn swimming. It might be done either by a voluntary payment of, say, sixpence a barrel from the herring men, or by a cheap licence, the proceeds of which should form a Government insurance. If forty thousand fishermen paid each five shillings a year, there would be an ample provision against accidents.

As I walked through the Swedish Department, and looked at the long ling-lines and seal-nets, and the great trap-net with arms, and the tangle (pimpeldon), with shiny hooks instead of bait, shown by the Royal Agricultural (Landthruks) Academy, I remembered the old story in Olaus Magnus, Bishop of Upsaal in 1563, about winter-fishing—breaking, two hundred paces apart, two big holes in the ice, joined by a narrow channel; casting a net into one, and tugging it with cords to the other, out of which it was quickly drawn by men on horseback, who galloped off as soon as the cords were passed to them.

The Danes ought to be practised fishers; but somehow Denmark made a very poor show at South Kensington. Do we still fish the coasts of Iceland as we used to four centuries ago, thereby calling forth remonstrances from the Danish ambassador? It was we, too, who at the very end of the sixteenth century found, and for fourteen years kept to ourselves, a splendid Greenland fishing-ground, "a gold mine," our old writers call it, the ore being whales. By-and-by we had to let in Danes, and Dutch, and French; and our own trade came to nothing.

Let any one who cares for the literature of fishing, and how Isis was worshipped as a fish-tailed woman, and how Ælian talks of fly-fishing, and of tickling trout, and how Oppian got his father restored from banishment by reciting his *Haliæutics* before Emperor Severus, and how Charles the Fifth visited the tomb of Will Belkison, the Englishman who in the fourteenth century taught the Dutch how to pickle herrings, look into Mr. Manley's Handbook and that by Mr. Davenport Adams. He will learn that about one hundred and forty years ago there was a company for carrying fish by postchaise from the south coast to London, the cost for the seventy-two miles being four pounds five shillings for half a ton, and the time twelve hours. He will learn that in Japan the salmon is the type of perseverance, and when a boy is born, a paper salmon, so constructed that the wind swells it into proper roundness, is put on the house-top. By-and-by it is taken and kept among the household gods (like a French peasant-girl's wedding wreath); and whenever the boy wants a talking to, he is bidden to meet the trials of life in a salmon-like way. I wonder if the boys on trawlers' smacks, who so easily tip overboard while they are baling up water (see that sad Rising Sun case), look on the salmon as their pattern; by all accounts they need something to keep the heart alive in them. Careless as we are of our fisher-boys, we were always careful of our fisheries. Edgar, fond of high sounding titles—*Altitonantis Dei largifluente clementia*—claimed to be Basileus, not only of the English but also of all the ocean and whatever therein is. When the English shipping used to be summoned out through fear of French invasion, the east-coast fishermen were specially exempted. Henry the Seventh ordered that for every sixty-eight acres of tillage one rod shall be sown with



flax or hemp for cordage. Our poets have not forgotten the gentle craft. Du Bartas, and Drayton of the Polyolbion, are hardly poets; but they are only two in a list which begins with Chaucer and includes Gay, who tells us that not caring

Around the hook the tortured worm to twine,  
he preferred

To cast the feathered hook,  
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

Not much more than two hundred years ago, Gilbert published his Angler's Delight, containing, *The Method of Fishing in Hackney Marshes*, and bids piscator go to the Flower de Luce, at Clapton, "where, whilst you are drinking a pot of ale, they will make you two or three pennyworth of paste for ground-bait. They do it very neatly and well," he adds; and here are the ingredients: "Of Man's Fat, Cat's Fat, Heron's Fat, and of the best *Assa-fœtida*, of each two drams; mummy finely powdered, two drams; cummin-seed, two scruples; and of camphor, galbanum, and Venice turpentine of each one dram; civet grains two. Treat it as a jewel, for 'tis unguentum piscatorum mirabile."

As amusing as any of these handbooks is Mr. Lee's *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, which sums up all that has been written about the Krake, since Bishop Pontoppidan copied *Olaus Magnus*, who had somehow heard the tradition of the living island that so suddenly went down to the confusion of Sindbad and his company. Pontoppidan says the Krake is a polype—he is clearly describing a sort of octopus. Mr. Lee gives dozens of cases of men pulled under by octopi, cases which show that Victor Hugo was not at all wrong with his *pieuvre* that people laughed at so much. The Japanese eat these monsters—see a cut by a native artist of a Tokio fish-monger's shop; though the companion picture of a boat attacked by a huge octopus, shows that the polypes are sometimes able to return the compliment. The sea-serpent appears to be another huge polype, the calamary, which has a beak and retractile claws instead of suckers at the end of its thong-like tentacles. Mr. Lee gives pictures of all the sea-serpents, from those figured by *Olaus Magnus*, to that seen from Her Majesty's yacht in 1877, and leaves us in doubt whether all these can have been "squids" (calamaries), or whether we must suppose that some of the vast saurians of the Lyme Regis beds are still alive.

Mr. Lee, too, goes through the history

of mermen and mermaids, from Dagon as he is found at Nineveh, and Hea (Noah) at Khorsabad, down to the Japanese or Malay artificial mermaids, which used to be shown when I was a boy, and are still found, I believe, in Mr. Barnum's collection.

Mr. Lee thinks the Lernean hydra was an octopus (the octopus will come to be as generally useful in fish lore as the sun is in comparative mythology), and he corrects two "vulgar errors." Whales do not spout through their blow-holes the water which they have taken in through their mouths—whatever water there may be in a whale's "blow" is only condensed vapour. The paper nautilus does not sail on the surface—is but a female octopus with a portable nest, which serves to protect her head as she crawls along the bottom.

This is all very well, but really a Fisheries Exhibition ought to do a great deal more than give occasion for scores of neat little books, some of which tell old stories in a lively way, some are full of forgotten fish-lore, ancient and mediæval, while others discuss, "burning questions" about the culture, and catching, and transport of fishes, but without settling anything. One looks to a national affair of this kind to set some of these moot questions at rest. Perhaps our Exhibition may help to do so by-and-by as its real results come to be better ascertained.

#### YEARNING.

OVER the west the glory dies away,  
Faint rose flecks gleaming in the darkening sky;  
And the low sounds that mark the close of day,  
Rise up from wood and upland—rise and die;  
Soft silence falls o'er meadow, hill, and grove,  
And in the hush I want you, oh, my love.

In the gay radiance of the morning hour,  
In the warm brooding glory of the noon,  
When man and Nature, in their prime of power,  
With the day's fulness blend in eager tune;  
The rush of life forbids the pulse to move,  
That now, in yearning passion, wants you, love.

Wants you to watch the crimson glow and fade,  
Through the great branches of the broadening lime;

Wants you, to feel the soft grey quiet shade,  
Lap the tired world in blessed eventime;  
Wants you to whisper: "Come, your power to prove,  
The gloaming needs its angel, come, my love."

#### ROBIN Y REE.

##### A STORY

HARK! there it was again, that strange melody, floating over the silent sea and moorland, and falling on the ear as softly as thistledown. It was one of the old songs of the country, perhaps sung by

some fisherman as he walked homeward through the autumn twilight with his empty creel on his back and money in his pocket. The singer was invisible, but the words were these :

Red top-knots and ribbons of green thou'lt wear,  
If, sweet little Betsy, with me thou'lt pair,  
Robin the king, Robin the king ridlan.\*

The prevailing stillness made it difficult to say whether the words came from far or near. The breeze was too slight to stir the bracken, and the peat-smoke hung in motionless wreaths over the cottage chimneys in the glen, and the clouds of tiny butterflies that had flitted over the gorse and heather during the daytime had mysteriously vanished at sunset. The conies were awake, no doubt, but they prudently kept out of sight. The curlews were asleep among the turnips, the gray plover were away on the hillside, and down yonder among the cliffs the gulls, and gannets, and guillemots were standing in long white rows.

But if the solemn night was voiceless, it had a wonderful charm of its own, though the moon was yet to emerge like some gilded dragon-fly from its slumber beneath the waters. The air was laden with the freshness of the sea and the perfume of the moorland flowers ; the sky was a deep undappled blue, to which the countless stars flickering in its dome imparted a vastness immeasurably greater than that of the sunlit day ; immediately overhead lay Yn Raad Moar Ree Ghorree,† the Great Road by which King Orry brought his yellow-bearded Norsemen to the coast of Man ; and at its northern extremity a pinkish glow was now advancing and now receding, afraid of invading the realm of night, yet unwilling to leave a scene of so much beauty. Away to the south, beyond a great sweep of tranquil water, broken only by the spear-points of the stars, a dense mist was winding around the bays and headlands, and as it drew aside for a moment there came from its midst the bright flash of a lighthouse ; but elsewhere

the atmosphere was so clear that the rocks stood out in bold relief, their shadows assuming all manner of fantastic shapes.

In the background the hills cut into the blue sky like a row of enormous shark's-teeth, and after sweeping past fields of corn and clover with many a cosy little homestead nestling among the trees, they at last arrived at this wild spot where gorse and heather and bracken tumbled into a deep glen, and then spread out on either hand into a sheet of gold, and brown, and purple, studded with an occasional boulder, as if to prevent the wind from blowing it away. A couple of hundred yards farther down, the moorland terminated suddenly in a perpendicular wall of schist that dropped into the sea many hundred feet below, but parted in the centre as if it had been cleft with a mighty hatchet. A few thatched, whitewashed cottages crouched upon the sides of the glen, for the wind sometimes blew such a shrill blast down that narrow channel that it was necessary to take advantage of the little shelter to be found there. In the ferny depths there was a glisten of silver, and a keen ear might have detected the babble of the brook as it hurried seawards.

Except for the invisible singer, the whole world seemed to be asleep, and the stars looked down upon an unbroken solitude. Presently the voice went on :

Red top-knots and ribbons of black thou'lt wear ;  
I'll make thee Queen of the May, I swear.  
Robin the king, Robin the king ridlan.

The words had scarcely died away when two figures mounted the steep side of the glen and slowly made their way towards the cliffs. The one was a tall, handsome, well-dressed man with a brown beard ; the other a woman, young and beautiful. He was the first to break the silence.

"Elsie, I've been thinking—thinking very seriously of asking you to marry me."

"Me marry you !" She had stopped suddenly to stare at him, her dark eyes brimful of astonishment, a warm flush on her brown cheeks, which were partly shaded by long black hair flowing around her shapely shoulders, and her hands clasped in front of her. Standing there in the midst of the heather, she looked like a startled fawn. "Me marry you, Mr. Graham !" she repeated, weighing out the words one by one as if to get at their meaning that way.

"You shouldn't say 'Me marry you !'" he said with a slight shiver. "You should say, 'I marry you !' And it would be nicer

\* This old Manx song, which used to be very popular on May Day, is given in the original language in the valuable series of works published by the Manx Society for its subscribers some years ago. It is of such great antiquity that the peasantry have no tradition concerning the peculiar head-dress referred to. The refrain is as follows :

Robin y Ree, Robin ye Ree ridlan.  
Aboo, Aban ! Fal dy ridlan.  
Aboo, Aban ! Robin y Ree.

† "Aboo, Aban !" was probably part of a form of incantation.

† The Milky Way.

if you were to substitute Robin for Mr. Graham, which has an abominably formal sound between such great friends of quite two months' standing. Thus corrected, the sentence runs, 'I marry you, Robin!' to which Robin replies, 'Why not?'

It is doubtful whether she fully appreciated this singular mixture of teaching and wooing; indeed, it is doubtful whether she even understood it.

"'Tis only a poor fisher-girl I am," she answered, "and 'tis you that are a grand gentleman, with money, and lands, and houses, so the neighbours tell me. Oh, but it would be a strange thing for me to marry you, Mr. Graham."

Womanlike she glanced from his fine clothes to her own humble garb—a coarse grey dress of homespun wool, a blue shawl crossed over her breast and fastened at her waist, and a kind of sun-bonnet. In this respect the disparity between them was sufficiently obvious, though it would have been hard to match the girl's graceful figure or beautiful face.

"I am not acting in haste to repent at leisure," said Robin Graham with deliberation. "Some arguments may be urged against our marriage, I admit; but as they all spring from an accident—the accident of birth—they can be easily brushed aside. And then, Elsie, the sacrifice won't be altogether on my side. Oh no! you'll have something to give up too. You see, I've thought the matter well over."

He paused and looked at her, as if he had asked her a question; but she was too astonished to speak; this wonderful thing, that he wished her to marry him, quite stupefied her. So he went on:

"Fine ladies are all very well for a time, but a man gets tired of them—tired of their fine feathers, and their fine speeches, and their fine ways. That sort of thing is taking in the show-room, but inexpressibly wearisome in the house. There's not an ounce of sincerity in a ton of such stuff. No, there is nothing like a quiet, domestic life: a pleasant, humdrum husband, and a cheerful, chatty wife to make tea and sew on buttons, and do things generally. You could manage that, Elsie?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Graham," she exclaimed, her dark eyes wide-open with surprise; "and I'm thinking old Kitty Corkill could do that for you." The words touched rather a discordant note, but the voice was singularly sweet, having learnt its cadences from the winds and waves.

"Well, well; never mind about Kitty

Corkill. She is old and ugly, and you are neither the one nor the other. Which is it to be, Elsie, yes, or no?"

And now from across the heather came the last sad words of the song, but so softly that neither of these two heard it.

Oh, sweet little Betsy, thou'rt breaking my heart,  
Courting Robin the king, they say thou art,  
Robin the king, Robin the king ridlan.

When the invisible singer ceased, the dark hills seemed to grow darker, and a gloom to fall over the undulating moorland and the wide sea beyond, though the sky still remained starry and cloudless. Elsie, perceiving that the "merry dancers" had vanished, could not repress a little shudder, but she was soon absorbed in the contemplation of the bright prospect suddenly opened out before her.

She saw a beautiful picture of fairyland, for it was quite impossible to imagine its existence in real life. Wild hilly coast scenery is fruitful in marvels; but set a man down in the middle of a plain and he would suppose the earth to be flat, and life a monotonous level track along it. Here, in this lonely glen, the whole air was full of mystery; the tales that the old folk told around their cottage-fires after nightfall were of things and beings invisible to dull citizens. There was Ben Varrey, the mermaid, who, before every great festival, imparted to her jewels new brilliancy by setting them in the wave-tops, and there they might be seen flashing in the sunlight, while the syrens sang bewitching melodies to entice mortals away from them. Who had not heard of the splendid city, with its gilded towers and minarets, which that mighty magician, Fin MacCoul, had sunk beneath the waves off Port Soderic? Though he had transformed its inhabitants into blocks of granite, yet curiously enough they were summoned to church regularly every Sunday, for the sailors often heard the tinkling of the bell; and the whole island rose to the surface once every seven years, and would remain above water if only one could see it and lay a Bible upon it. And beneath Castle Rushen was there not a wonderful race of giants, who drank out of golden goblets, and wore magnificent clothes, and whose suburban retreat was illuminated by a reckless profusion of wax-candles? This was incontestable, for an adventuresome mortal had interviewed one of them, and the giant, after asking how things were going on in the upper regions, had crushed up a ploughshare as easily as if it had been a filbert, and then

said pleasantly: "There are still men in the Isle of Man." Why, Elsie had seen with her own eyes in Kirk Malew a chalice which had been carried off from an elfin banquet. And with such wonders she had to fashion her picture.

First of all, there was to be a house twice as large as her father's thatched cottage in the glen; the crockery on the dresser was to be replaced by silver plates, like those used for collecting in churches on grand occasions; the brass candlesticks upon the mantelpiece were to make way for gold ones; the stone floor would be hidden beneath a gorgeous carpet; the deal tables and chairs must go—something of dark wood like the old Dutch clock would look better; outside there should be a handsome porch and a garden, and geraniums in the window, and no split congers hanging against the walls; and in the midst of all this grandeur would be Elsie herself, dressed in silk and bedecked with jewels, like Ben Varrey, and doing nothing all day long but sitting in an armchair, and ordering her servants about. As this splendid vision passed through her brain, her dark eyes flashed with delight, and half unconsciously she swept the long black hair from her beautiful face, to make herself look more like the vicar's daughter, whose hair was fastened behind.

Herrings for dinner to-day; herrings yesterday; herrings to-morrow. There would be no more herrings, thought Elsie; the barrel would vanish from the corner of the room, and, instead, she would dine upon bacon and beef, and delicacies of every kind. Good-bye to amyllass (butter-milk and water), sollaghan (a kind of porridge), braghtan (a sandwich of buttered oatcake, potatoes, and herrings), and binjeau (curds); instead of these she would fare as if every day were a Sunday-school feast, and she would have plenty of jough (beer) for her father and the neighbours. Oh yes, her enjoyment was not to be wholly selfish. There was to be a chair for her father by the chimney-corner, and tobacco in plenty, and he was to sit there and smoke from morning till night; and the neighbours were to come in for some share of her comforts. For some, she would purchase their winter stock of herrings; for others, she would pay men to cut and stack their peat; and for others whose nets had been carried away, she would buy new ones. You see, Elsie's notion of paradise was smiling idleness, tempered by a little well-directed kindness.

It would be interesting to learn how many have noticed a singular omission from her reflections. Among the fair sex, probably not one. The idea of love for the man who had asked her to marry him had never entered Elsie's head. She regarded him as a convenient sort of fairy who could supply her with an illimitable number of good things; and this stirred her fancy rather than her avarice, as it would have done with better educated girls. Robin Graham was too high above her for her to think of loving him; she might have worshipped him, but love him—no, that was quite impossible. She felt that he belonged to some entirely different order of beings from herself; and though he was well fitted to be the centre ornament of the magnificent scene she had depicted, she could not bring herself to think of him as a flesh-and-blood husband.

But in all this golden amber, it must be confessed that there was a very inappropriate fly, Joe Quilliam by name, and the question was, not how did he get there, but how to get him out. He was a plain, simple-minded fisherman, a good deal older than Elsie, but without doubt desperately in love with her. There was no actual pledge between them. His natural bashfulness had prevented him from declaring himself, and he had not been goaded into doing so by the hateful presence of a rival; while she had had no need to question her own heart—a species of catechism that the dilatory fair sex seldom resorts to until the last moment. Probably she was, as she believed, heart-whole; for this curious organ is very like a "Rupert's drop"—hard and obdurate as iron until it is touched upon one particular spot, when it undergoes a sudden and irreparable transformation. In Elsie's case this catastrophe had not yet happened. She had listened attentively to all that the fisherman had to say, and she had occasionally chaffed him about his want of success with the lobsters or the congers; but this surely is not a very advanced stage of love-making, and, beyond accepting a few bright ribbons from him last Hollandtide Eve, she had given him no definite encouragement.

So far, all well and good. But, unfortunately, Joe Quilliam was rather a hot-tempered fellow, with a disagreeably plain way of speaking his mind, and there was no knowing what he might do or say when he heard that she was going to marry the fine gentleman, Robin Graham. It may



appear strange that she should consider him in this matter at all, but she did; she even tried to devise some scheme for benefiting him. This unreasonable fellow would be angry, she knew; he would refuse to take anything at her hands; he might even refuse to speak to her. There really seemed no way of managing him. What was she to do?

By this time they had reached the end of the moorland. They had walked in silence through the heather, and were now standing upon one of the great black headlands that flanked the entrance to the glen, where the rivulet widened and ran smoothly over the glistening sand to meet the wavelets. Close beside them, and upon the very verge of the cliffs, a large boulder was poised so that it seemed as if the slightest touch would hurl it into the water many hundred feet below. It had been deeply cut and furrowed by icebergs, but the ferns and lichens growing thickly upon it gave it a rounded appearance in the twilight, though there was a sharply-defined shadow at its farther side. The rocky ledges upon the face of the perpendicular cliff were white with sea-birds, and a drowsy murmur came up from the caverns at its base. Away among the bracken in the glen there might occasionally be seen a gleam from some cottage-window, but not often, for the lights are carefully guarded by the fisher-folk along the coast, lest they should lure an unwary vessel to destruction. Not a moving thing was in sight; not even a ship upon that peaceful sea. The lighthouse had long disappeared in the gathering mist towards the south. But at such a time, when all is lifeless, inanimate objects have a strange way of becoming lifelike; the winds acquire human speech, and the stars sight, and the very hills bend forward in an attitude of anxious watching and listening. In Elsie's case this feeling was so strong that she drew a little nearer to Robin for protection.

"Well, Elsie, will you marry me?" he asked, taking both her hands in his and looking straight into her dark eyes.

"I—I don't know."

Surely the shadow on the farther side of the boulder started! And it might have been the wind, or it might have been fancy, but there certainly seemed to be sighed out in a low voice full of such mournful pathos:

"Oh, sweet little Betsy, thou'rt breaking my heart; Courting Robin the king, they say thou art."

Both were too engaged to notice this singular phenomenon; indeed, Robin Graham was rather staggered at Elsie's answer.

"You don't know!" he exclaimed in an aggrieved tone. "Come, Elsie, what do you mean? You know I'm very fond of you, and I hoped you were fond enough of me to marry me; but if you're not—well, I've made a mistake, that's all."

"Listen—oh, listen, Mr. Graham," she cried in sudden terror.

"Merely a rabbit."

"Oh, but it's no rabbit. It's the boagane that's about, I'm sure. Let's away! Oh, do! let's make haste back, for it's neither a bolla cross nor a dreain's feather that I have."

"You really must get rid of such absurd notions," said Robin, who felt keenly that ignorance in a wife would be bad enough, but that superstition would be quite unbearable. "At your age, Elsie, you ought to know that boaganes are 'gone extinct'; civilisation has drowned them, every one; in fact, they never existed anywhere but in the imaginations of silly old wom—I mean, of those who didn't know any better. And how on earth could a miserable fishbone or a wren's feather protect you from harm? It's sheer nonsense. Oh, I'm not blaming you, but those who put such folly into your innocent head; they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

She was more astonished now than when he had asked her to marry him, and in her indignation she forgot all about the sound that had startled her. Drawing her hands away from him, she stepped back a little, and with her dark eyes flashing and her head thrown back, she looked more like a beautiful queen than a simple fisher-girl. The feeling that bids us cherish what our fathers have cherished, is akin to parental instinct; it was very strong in Elsie. What did this stranger mean by saying that there were no such things as boaganes, when their existence was known to persons of the meanest intelligence, even to Black Barney, the idiot. The ignorance of the man was pitiful! Why, the Phynnodeeree was quite a well-known character in Rushen, where he mowed hay-fields and corn-fields, and sometimes tossed boulders about by way of a change, and the boulders might be seen as proof positive of his existence. Was not the spectre-hound seen nightly in Peel Castle? And was it not matter of notoriety that "Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife," haunted the same place? But there was no need to go

beyond the glen itself; it was full of goblins. The waterbull, the glashtyn, and the nightsteed had been seen by many old enough to believe their own eyes; and as for the horrible groans of these noisy spirits, on a winter's night it was not safe to go out of doors—at any rate, without the protection of a chaplet of bolla-feailleoin.\* And yet this stranger had the impudence to say that it was all nonsense, that boaganes were a myth!

"Oh, but I've heard them, Mr. Graham," said Elsie.

"You heard the wind, Elsie."

"And I've seen them, too."

"You thought so, Elsie, but you were wrong. You could not see what does not exist."

"It's all very well for you as hasn't seen them to say they don't exist; but it's other people that have seen them, and they know that there are boaganes everywhere."

Here was an awkward stumbling-block. To marry a woman who believed in goblins did seem outrageous. Every night she might be putting out bowls of water for them to drink, and laying dust on the floor to observe their footsteps in the morning, and then brushing it carefully from the door toward the hearth lest a whole houseful of good luck should be swept away. There would be no doing anything for fear of offending these ridiculous spirits.

Robin Graham had decided upon attempting a very dangerous thing—nothing more or less than an experiment in matrimony. He really had become somewhat tired of the trammels and ways of the society in which his life had been spent, and he had grown so fond of Elsie that he had determined to marry and educate her. The same thing had been done before, why not again? About three months before this time he had come to the glen for the purpose of fishing, and he had taken and furnished a picturesque little cottage. He had been thrown much into Elsie's company; she had helped him with his boat and his lines, and she had shown him the best places to go to for cod, and whiting, and mackerel. In this way their acquaintance had progressed rapidly, until it had reached the present stage. He was sure that she was good and beautiful; what more could he want in a wife? Of course it would be useless to think of raising her to his level; it would be equally useless to

think of descending to hers; but surely somewhere between there must exist a platform on which they could meet on equal terms. Compromise is the very essence of a happy married life; Robin Graham had resolved to put this principle into practice without delay. He had studied the simple habits of the people about, and he was quite convinced that the thing was practicable, though perhaps not without some little friction at first. This evening, however, two or three trifles such as Elsie's grammar had jarred rather painfully upon his susceptibilities, but nothing so much as this revelation about her superstition. She had displayed, too, an unexpected amount of obstinacy; in the interest of her education, this had to be eradicated at once.

"Elsie, your charms would be just as useful to you as a straw to a drowning man. Such notions are out of date; they belong to the days of witchcraft and nonsense; I assure you they would make you ridiculous in soci—among educated people. And as for these preposterous boaganes, you must give up believing in them—you really must. There never were such things, and I'll prove it to you."

Though he had adopted the foolish device of trying to strengthen his case by a mere assertion, Elsie was so strong in her convictions, that she refrained from attacking him at his weak point. She said simply:

"It's Joe Quilliam that has told me about them many a time. Oh, and I believe him too."

"What can an ignorant fisherman know about such matters?"

"Or an ignorant fisher-girl either, Mr. Graham?"

This harsh classification of his intended wife with an awkward common lout of a fisherman was exceedingly objectionable. Like many others, he considered himself vastly superior to every woman in his own rank of life, but he looked upon the women on a lower rung of the social ladder as much superior to the men. Somehow or other, these two opinions had never been brought into juxtaposition in his own mind; if they had been, perhaps he might have been able to reconcile them, conflicting though they seem. The very idea that this beautiful girl belonged to the same class as that rough fellow, Joe Quilliam, was enough to make one shudder. Robin Graham hastened to repudiate it.

"Joe Quilliam is all very well in his way, no doubt," he said; "but——"

\* Mugwort.

The shadow emerged from the far side of the boulder, and took the shape of a tall, powerful-looking fisherman, in knee-boots and blue guernsey. He had a pleasant, open face, though its expression was half-sad and half-angry as he advanced towards the couple on the edge of the cliff.

"You here, Joe?" exclaimed Elsie in evident alarm. Even this annoyed Robin.

"What does it matter?" he asked. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and Quilliam is no exception to the rule."

"Aw, I'm here plainly enough, an' you may say I came to listen if it suits you, Mr. Graham," said Quilliam; "but this I know, that it wasn't my own doin' at all, an' I thought it better to keep quiet than to be disturbin' Elsie by sneakin' off—anyway, until you began for to speak o' me, and then it was best to come out for sure."

Elsie gave him a timid little smile of thanks.

"That was very thoughtful of you, Joe," she murmured.

"And now I want to come to a plain un'erstan'in' with you, Elsie," Quilliam went on. "It's not for me to deny that I haven't heard what you've been sayin' between yourselves, for I have—an' it's vexed me more than enough. An' first of all let me have my say about the boaganes, which this larned gentleman here comin' from England where they know so much, though they live in towns for all that, says is all nonsense. Tut! any fool with eyes and ears in his head—and that's not much to ask for him, I reckon—could talk of boaganes that he has heard—aye, an' seen, too, by the hunnerd. It's on'y this very night—an' it's solemn truth I'm tellin' you—as I sat watchin' for the Mary Jane, which is about due, I saw a great black thing rear itself out of the water just inside o' the tideway yonner, an' it looked aroun' an' gave a ter'ble moan, an' then sank again, an' I saw no more of it; an' on'y for my bollan cross here, I'd ha' run for the glen, for it was somethin' dreadful."

This horrible picture wrought upon Elsie's imagination to such an extent that she uttered a slight scream; whereupon the fisherman, hastily disengaging the fish-bone that was tied round his neck, handed it to Elsie, who took it eagerly. He shot a triumphant glance at Robin; but Robin was unequal to the occasion—he could only laugh contemptuously. To put himself in opposition to this ignorant fellow,

and run the risk of failure, was what he wished to avoid at all hazards; unfortunately, however, it was forced upon him in a very unpleasant way.

"Maybe, you'll remember last Hollantide Eve, Elsie," continued Quilliam. "Anyway those ribbons round your neck will help bring it to your mind. It was for a pledge that I gave them to you, though I am so stupid at talkin' that I held my tongue foolishly. Surely, Elsie, you knew I was madly fond of you, and your sweet face, and your pretty ways—surely, surely. Aw, but it's a poor, plain, awkward fellow that I am to think of such as you; an' likely enough if it hadn't been for the ould proverb, 'Black as the raven is, he'll find a mate,' which I kept repeatin' an' repeatin' to myself continually, I would never have foun' the courage to look up to you, beautiful thing that you are. There's one here, though, that's not so backward at all; an' now the question is, Which is it to be? for one or other it must be, an' it's for you to decide this very night. Heaven help thee, my Elsie! an' Heaven help me, too, if you turn your back upon me this night; but if so be—well, I'll take ship in some ocean-goin' vessel, an' never trouble you more, so you needn't fear at all, but just give your answer straight."

And he stood like a soldier on parade, though the quivering about his mouth looked strangely pathetic in that brown, weather-worn face.

Here was a horrible catastrophe! It had been a lovely picture: Elsie with her pretty face and dark eyes and flowing black hair, with the still water glistening at the base of the bluff precipice whitened with sea-birds, and the heather all around her, and the stars shining overhead, and the rivulet deep down in the ferny glen. And suddenly there had come into it a discordant element, this rudely-clad fellow with his awkward speech and ungainly ways, and all its beauty had vanished. Robin Graham was at once disgusted and indignant; disgusted at being brought into rivalry with a rough fisherman, indignant at this fisherman's impertinence in aspiring to Elsie's hand, and in placing him in such an undignified position. It is needless to say that this last consideration had the most weight with him. But how was he to extricate himself from this unpleasant dilemma? That he and Joe Quilliam should be matched against one another for Elsie's hand would be a life-long disgrace, even should he prove

successful ; to be rejected in the presence of his humble rival would be simply intolerable ; and to withdraw from this disagreeable contest would be construed into an acknowledgment of defeat. Clearly, he could neither advance nor retreat, nor even remain where he was without encountering disaster. It was difficult to discover the least of the evils presented for his selection.

Meanwhile, Elsie stood silent between the two men. Holding the bollen cross in her hand, she kept glancing from one to the other, and then down into the picturesque glen where she had spent her simple life among the bracken and the heather and the gorse. There were boganes there, no doubt, for they love the peat-smoke and the moorland flowers, and they revel in the babbling brook and the sparkling waves. There her father lived, and there her grandfather had lived and her ancestors for many centuries, and if their lives had been uneventful except for the perils of the sea, they had not been unhappy. Was she to break away from all these old traditions and become a great lady ? or was she to continue in the peaceful groove that had been so pleasant to her fathers ? Which of these two ? Oh, that some fairy would help her in this distressing situation !

No sooner had she conceived this wish than there was a swift rush of something black through the air. It was immediately followed by the pitiful squeal of some creature in agony. They all turned, and saw on a hillock, a few yards distant, a young rabbit in the clutch of a hawk, which had swooped down upon the over-venturesome little ball of wool before it could take refuge in its burrow. Robin Graham regarded the scene with curiosity. It was new to him, and he was wondering whether the hawk would proceed to devour its prey then and there, or whether it would carry it off bodily in its talons. But Elsie was deeply moved.

"Oh, do save the poor little thing !" she cried.

Pride kept Robin motionless; even now he was determined to hold aloof from any appearance of rivalry. But three rapid strides carried the fisherman to the spot. The great bird relinquished its prey, and rose slowly in the air ; while, apparently none the worse for its adventure, the rabbit scampered off and tumbled into its hole.

"Oie vie,\* Mr. Graham," said Elsie in

her stateliest manner. Her use of the Manx expression made her meaning sufficiently clear. Without another word she walked across to Joe Quilliam and put her hand in his, and together they went away through the heather and vanished in the glen.

As for Robin Graham, the lesson was useful, though galling in the extreme. Sitting alone upon the cliff he thought the matter over, and at length admitted that worse might have befallen him. But it was decidedly unpleasant to hear the voice of his successful rival singing out merrily in the distance :

"Red top-knots and ribbons of black thou'lt wear ;  
I'll make thee Queen of the May, I swear.  
Robin y Ree, Robin ye Ree ridlan."

## AN UNFINISHED TASK.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

PROBABLY Mr. Leslie had never been the owner of so much wealth in all his life. But there it lay before him—a banker's draft for three hundred pounds, and a letter from his brother in the colonies to say that it was some return for his kindness and protection to the writer's children.

"Now that is very good of Charles," he said. "Poor fellow ! the world is using him better at last. I am glad, too, for the little ones—for Amy and Kate."

It would have been but natural if the Rev. Norman had been glad also for himself. There was no reason why he should have taken entire charge of his brother's motherless children ; but then he did many things for which there was no reason save the promptings of his own kind heart. Certainly there were many relatives much better able to aid Charles Leslie, when extravagance and rash speculation compelled him to cross the seas ; but the vicar was elder brother ; he held the family living, and might be regarded as head, in which capacity everything unpleasant was by general consent relegated to him.

"Yes, I am glad," he repeated. "Just at this time, too. But, oh dear, this other affair is very sad ! I scarcely know how to break it to poor Grace. Is it only money that she is losing ? Nay. I will not think of the other. It cannot be true."

This other affair was a portentous legal-looking document. He had read and re-read it many times. Each time it seemed more hopeless and confusing, and so he laid it aside and took—it was the vicar's

\* Good-night.



usual anodyne for tribulation—a fishing-rod and his way across the moor.

"It has been a capital season," so ran his soliloquy as, reaching his favourite stream, he made ready his tackle. "How early they began, too! Why, that was quite a good take which young Langridge brought me when—when—" The vicar paused a moment, and then with an effort, as if he would school himself to the stern reality: "When Grace promised to be his wife. Ah me! little more than six months ago. And it seems so long—so long."

A light motion of his practised hand. The line went circling through the air, and the delusive flies were on the water, whilst this disciple of the "gentle Izaak," all his sorrows forgotten for a while, watched them keenly and in vain. So one hour passed, and another, and yet another, and not a single trout vouchsafed a glance at the tempting offer.

"There must be something wrong in the weather," he surmised, angler like never at a loss for a reason.

But beyond doubt something was wrong with the weather. The moorland, which had been glowing so lately under the autumnal sun, was disappearing in a dense colourless mist. There was a stillness in the air, an oppressive silence, save when the wind came and went with a wailing sigh. No bird sang. The very hum of the insects ceased. There was not a sound save the murmur of the brook, and that seemed whispering weird secrets. Nature itself seemed mute, waiting in hushed silence for that awful voice whose low utterances were coming nearer, growing louder, amidst the purple blackness overshadowing the sky, and in this gathering ominous gloom the vicar of Stanton Pomrey turned to find himself not alone as a horseman reined up by his side.

"What, Mr. Langridge! You might be one of the children of the mist, you ride so swiftly; and heather and moss make no sound."

The young man dismounted, and grasped the other's outstretched hand. With each was an attempt at cordiality, and with each was failure.

"Yes; the Duchess carries me well. She is very restless to-day, though."

"Doubtless the poor brute thinks it is time to see about home. There is a storm impending. I suppose you come from the vicarage, Cuthbert, and from Grace? As I reached the water, I saw you in the

distance. There was a distance then." As the mist gathered more closely around them.

"I come from the vicarage, sir; not from Miss Luttrell. I purposed to see her, but I have not done so. And, as I was seeking you, Mrs. Pryor charged me with this mackintosh."

"It was very good of Aunt Pryor. And I am thankful to you also," said the vicar, as he put it on. "But it was a chance that you found me. And you have come out of your way too."

"Not much, sir," replied the other; "I can make for home round under Cheale Tor. It is rough, but I am used to the moor. I desired to see you. I would rather we met here than at home, near Grace. There! I want to say it and I hesitate—even as I rode to see her, and was cowardly enough to be glad she was from home." Then, with quick abruptness: "Mr. Leslie, do you think that Grace loves me?"

"That is a strange question to put here, and with such weather coming, too," as two or three big rain-drops fell sullenly. The vicar only spoke for time—time to still one throb of his heart. He went on: "Do I think so? No—I know it."

He looked at the young man steadily. The vicar was used to read faces, more eloquent than words, and he added:

"Why do you put that question to me? Have you heard anything? Are you come to own yourself unworthy of her? Have you wearied so soon?"

"I am unworthy of her. I own it with shame. Not weary—do not misjudge me, Mr. Leslie. I love Grace Luttrell this day as fondly as ever. Yet am I here to say the thing may not be. Will you not help me in this, to me, bitter confession? Have you heard nothing, sir?"

"Yes, I have, and dismissed it as idle rumour. You see, Mr. Langridge," and there was cold scorn in each accent, "thinking well of your honour, valuing it more highly than you do, I would not credit the news. I heard you were often with a lady—well, a little advanced in years, old enough, in fact, to be your mother. I heard it, when I was last in London. I would not question you on the matter—deemed it but mere gossip. I heard of Miss Perryman—and her wealth."

"And you heard truly, sir; but the tale was incomplete. It should have told you of my father's lands, each acre mortgaged—of the poverty of Pomrey Hold; of my

mother, and my sisters, their prayers to me—the one who can aid them.”

“With what result? Is a mean, dastardly action the less so because more than one is engaged in it?”

“Mr. Leslie, do you dare?” The young man’s face was aflame at the last sneer. “Nay, of course you do. You are Miss Luttrell’s guardian—and more. And your cloth protects you.”

“Do not consider that.”

Few men had ever seen that quiet, grave, country parson so moved. Contempt was in each line of his face—the light of battle glittering in his eyes.

“I was a soldier ere I was in the Church, and—and— Heaven forgive me, of what am I talking? Mr. Langridge, you want your freedom? For my ward I say, take it. She is a worse match even than you think. Her misfortunes accumulate. This day, I believe, she has lost every penny of her small fortune, and now a most valuable love joins it. Nay,” for the other would have interrupted, “let me finish. I will do as you wish—I will tell Miss Luttrell you are—what you are. Go your way, and see her no more.”

“I deserve this.”

As Cuthbert Langridge spoke, the storm, ever drawing nearer unnoticed by them, broke over their heads in one long-sustained crashing thunder-peal, at which the frightened horse plunged and reared as his rider mounted, whilst the rain began to fall in a torrent.

“I deserve it—her hatred, your scorn, and yet I must see her once again. I will see her, and after that happen what may. I will, though the tempest beat me to the earth, though the wrath of the sky,” as a gleaming flash seemed to envelop them in fire, “end a wretched existence.”

He held forth his hand, but the other made no response. Another instant and it was too late. Only one person should ever clasp the hand of Cuthbert Langridge in life again.

The storm was at its height. The wind, awakened in its fury at last, swept over the wild land, and dashed the rain before it. The lightning gleamed incessantly, and overhead was the ceaseless deafening roar of thunder.

Drenched and weary the vicar reached his home, to find no Grace Luttrell. She had gone over the moor alone, on a mission of charity to some poor cottage toilers, and still, as the hours waned, returned not.

She might have stayed for the storm.

No; the afternoon lengthened into evening, and the tempest rolled away and died over the sea. The night came down in thick darkness at first, then through the storm-rack the moon was peeping forth, and, guided by its light, those who had gone forth to seek, found her.

Found her on the wet and sodden ground, where the granite precipices of Cheale Tor frowned darkly above her. Found her senseless and cold, the presentment of death itself, which was so near. Her arms were round the still form of Cuthbert Langridge, whom no caress on this earth should ever awaken again. The tempest had indeed crushed him. The tale was read in the hoof-prints, telling of a wild struggle on the treacherous road, and a fearful fall, in which horse and rider had perished, where, hastening homeward, Grace found them.

Cuthbert Langridge’s words had come true. He had seen her once again. All unknowing his weak unworthiness, her hand had held his as he entered the dark valley, her loving, sorrowing eyes had seen the light of life quenched in his.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“THE house seems very silent, Aunt Pryor, since Amy and Kate have left us. They are far on the sea now, but I almost wish my brother Charles had never sent for them.”

“I do not know about that,” said Mrs. Pryor in answer to the Rev. Norman’s regret.

Mrs. Pryor was just two years older than when she made her first appearance in this chronicle. At her age two years mean a great deal. There had grown in her a little more regard for self, a love of peace and quietness, and she hardly mourned the lost noise and chatter of a couple of irrepressible children.

“It was better for you, Norman, and for them,” and, inwardly, “for me too.”

“I suppose you are right,” rejoined the vicar, as he turned over the bundle of letters before him. “One, two, five, six, and all for Grace. They do not look like valentines either; there, who should send valentines to this out-of-the-way spot? Poor Grace! It is a dreary life for her.”

“Yet she has been very happy here.”

It was the voice of Grace herself entering silently, to hear his words. She stood by his side. A little sadder than of yore, as befitting her half-mourning robe, but fair as ever. Loveable as when she flitted

past his study window, when Cuthbert Langridge told his tale, and the vicar put aside his unfinished task.

"She has been very happy here, and will ever remember Stanton Pomrey, and its kind hearts."

She took the letters from his hand. She could not but notice his glance of surprise, but only answered it with a smile, as she said :

"Is that all? I expected a great many more."

Then she drew a little away, and opened them one by one. Her face changed as she read them. Watching her, he saw hope, expectant at first, gradually fade. He saw amusement, a trace of contempt, and finally something akin to sadness.

"Ah me!" she almost sighed, "it is a hard lesson for vanity. The world does not value Grace Luttrell, and her few poor accomplishments, so highly as she thought. Will you give me your opinion on this, please?" timidly holding forth one letter only. "There is no other worth a reply."

"Why, what does this mean?" The vicar of Stanton Pomrey laid it down in surprise. "An answer to your advertisement, as a governess!"

"Exactly," she rejoined, trying to speak calmly. Then, in quite a business-like tone: "Please counsel me. I am so ignorant of the world. The writer seems to expect a great deal, and offers but small remuneration."

He tossed the letter aside.

"Mrs. Brownjohn, which appears to be the lady's name, might be hiring a cook. That she should address you so!" The vicar's tone was scornful, but it changed all in a moment. "Grace, why was I not told of this? Was I unworthy of your confidence?"

"I beg your pardon," she answered with a quick catching of the breath. "I ought to have consulted you as my guardian."

"As your friend," he interrupted, "and one who would do much to serve you."

"I know it. Perhaps I seem ungrateful. Believe me, I did not mean it so. But you were so immersed in your books, I did not care to worry you with my small affairs. It was not a secret. Mrs. Pryor knew."

"You knew, aunt? You advised this. You would have let this poor child go forth into the world. Was that kind?"

Aunt Pryor deliberately put down her knitting—the quantity of wool she got through in that way for the neighbouring poor was a marvel—and laying it aside,

even for a moment, was evidence of her being in earnest. She rose from her chair.

"Yes, I did," she said. "It was my advice. It was better for both of you."

She looked at Grace—waiting almost like a culprit for sentence—at the Rev. Norman, with a strange indefinable glance, under which his calm face grew restless, and without another word, she left them together.

"Grace, my poor child"—he smiled just a little—"I ought not to call you so, but you are a child as compared with me, your guardian—are you so anxious to leave us?"

"No, and yes," she replied sadly. "No, for a kindness—a protection for which I am ever grateful; yes, that I may prove that gratitude. It is my duty. What claim have I? What right to be a burden? Nay, hear me," when he would have stayed her. "I thought—I hoped to repay you, but that was ere my little fortune was wrecked. Even after that there was work for me in the education of your brother's children. Now Amy and Kate are gone and left me no excuse to eat the bread of idleness, why should I not go also?"

"Because I cannot live without——"

He checked the words with a weary sigh. Had she heard what was little more than a whisper? Surely; or why that heightened colour, that averted face, those downcast eyes?

"Grace," he went on after a while, "have I seemed unkind to you? It is the second time I have heard of my books taking my thoughts away. Once before, two years ago, when he who is gone won your heart—you told me so. Did you think me careless of the future?"

"No, never that"—her eyes were uplifted one instant, but sank again before the unutterable tenderness in his—"never that. But our aims, our pursuits, our very lives, were so different. You were so grave, so serious, so earnest in all you deemed duty, and I was young and thoughtless. I know I do not make myself clear. But I could not tell a love-tale to you. You seemed annoyed. I thought you avoided me, and that it was natural. My lost Cuthbert was so different. Forgive me, Mr. Leslie. I was young. I know now how good and noble you are, and—and——"

Then the girl broke down utterly. Little by little the fair face turned from him to be hidden in her trembling hands, and the pleading voice was lost in choking sobs.

He did not speak. He sat there quiet,

unmoved, until she recovered herself. The sorrowing girl's accents had been a revelation to him. She knew then her lover's unworthiness. Hardly expressed in words he read so much. Yet the knowledge had not come to her through him.

"You are young, Grace," he said kindly, "and life may have much in store for you yet. For myself there is naught to forgive. Your thoughts were but the outcome of your years. I am nearly old enough to be your father. A humdrum country parson, what should I understand of love? But, my child, there is no need for you to be in servitude to Mrs. Brownjohn—if I have the lady's name correctly," trying to force a smile. "There is a home for you at Stanton Pomrey—a home for the daughter of my dear dead friend, until—until"—despite his self-command, the vicar's voice trembled a little; but with an effort—"until some happy man bears her away to a brighter fate."

"That will never be," she whispered; "this place will always be dear to me for—"

"The memory of the dead," he said. But she answered him:

"No; for the love and tenderness of the living."

"Do you—can you love the living, Grace?"

He put the question eagerly. Stirred at last out of his assumed composure, a wild hope, long crushed down, was springing in his heart, and the hands were trembling which would draw hers away from a blushing face. He saw it glowing rosy red through the slender fingers, and he saw more than that in one look which brought him a great joy.

"Grace, will you stay at Stanton Pomrey?"

"If you can make me of any service to you," came a soft whisper. "If you wish it so."

He left her then. He walked into his study, and to where, so long ago, he had laid aside an unfinished task. The gilding in its flimsy lace edges had tarnished, the ink faded a little. But there still were the few sentences, telling the unfinished tale of

his love. And this was the Rev. Norman Leslie's valentine.

"Dearest, will you read?" as he came again, and laid it before her. "You were right, I did avoid you. I dared not trust myself. See what I wrote once—two years ago—was writing when life grew so dark with me, I could not write more."

Again he left her. With forced calmness he seated himself away, and so waited while she read.

"Will you stay, Grace?" he asked at length. "I can make you useful, dear, as the vicar's wife."

"I will stay with you ever," she murmured, "and can ask no happier fate."

"You are sure, dear one?" He was holding her away from him, gazing with all the deep affection of his nature into the grey eyes shining through happy tears. "Sure, darling, it is not kindness to me—not gratitude for what is little enough?"

"Yes," striving to hide her face upon his breast; "it is both kindness and gratitude from a heart sure of itself at last."

His strong hands yielded. Hidden in his embrace there came yet a softer whisper:

"It is—it is also—love."

There was an affinity betwixt Aunt Pryor and that valentine—if valentine it may be called. Of course she re-entered at that moment. But, discreet soul that she was, she calmly pursued her knitting, where she left it.

"Aunt, you see," he said.

"I see," she answered, well pleased. "But then I have seen it for years. My advice was not so bad. It was time to understand each other. I knew that Grace loved you."

"And I had ceased to hope that it could be so. What am I? An elderly, plain—"

"Humdrum country parson, and the best in all the world."

The words were Grace's. Really, it is to be feared that as a vicar's prospective wife she was somewhat irreverent. But the humdrum parson was content. He folded his valentine. Aunt Pryor never had seen it, and was not to see it even then. So with deep, heartfelt joy he laid it away, to remain ever an unfinished task.

*The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*



1  
an  
ne  
re  
ist  
vo  
so  
m-  
ed  
at  
ar,  
ir-  
as  
all  
he  
rs.  
—  
on  
nd  
t."  
in  
er:  
nt  
it  
ed  
at  
g,  
ed.  
rs.  
to  
ice  
ld  
"  
he  
to  
ife  
he  
ed  
en  
So  
to





FOUNDED 1806.

---

# PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

---

HALF-CREDIT SYSTEM:  
LIFE ASSURANCE UPON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

---

*Merchants, Traders, and others requiring the full use of their Capital,  
and desiring a Life Policy at the cheapest present outlay, are invited to  
examine the terms of the Half-Credit System of this Office.*

*Explanatory Leaflet may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.*

---

50, REGENT ST., W., & 14, CORNHILL, E.C.,  
LONDON.

---

BOVELLO, EWER & CO., Printers, 20 & 70, Dean Street, Soho, London.

FOUNDED 1806.

# PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE

50, Regent Street, W., & 14, Cornhill, E.C.

*At the Division of Profits in 1883 the Results were—*

Total Surplus . . . . .	£499,031 17 8
One-half reserved until the next Division of Profits in 1888 . . . . .	£249,515 18 10
Shareholders' Portion . . . . .	8,145 0 0
*Policyholders' Portion . . . . .	241,370 18 10
	£499,031 17 8

\* This sum yielded Additions to Policies payable at death exceeding £340,000.

*Attention is solicited to these Figures, as they show—*

- (1) That the Shareholders' Portion of Profits in 1883 was less than one-thirtieth part of the sum divided.
- (2) That the amount of Surplus Profits left undivided was £249,515. This sum will be thrown into the Total Surplus in 1888, to be again divided and one-half again reserved. The Policyholders by this Regulation—which has been in force since the establishment of the Office in 1806—have the additional Security of a large sum improving at Compound Interest. The Interest thus earned at the end of Five Years will exceed £55,000, and the Surplus in 1888 will be augmented accordingly by that sum.

The Annual Dividends are paid *solely* out of the Interest arising from the Investment of the Shareholders' Capital and its Accumulations.

The PROVIDENT is thus shown to possess the advantages of a *Mutual Office*, with the additional Security of a Subscribed Capital.

BONUSES to Policyholders exceeding £2,600,000 have already been declared.

*Full information given upon application to*

CHARLES STEVENS, *Secretary.*



# EAGLE

INSURANCE COMPANY  
FOR LIVES ONLY  
ESTABLISHED 1807.



**79, PALL MALL, LONDON.**

Sums Assured . . . . .	£8,109,463
Accumulated Funds . . . . .	3,116,576
Subscribed Capital . . . . .	1,500,000
Annual Income . . . . .	362,798

<i>During the past 35 years the Company has paid in Claims</i>	<b>7,288,428</b>
<i>And divided Bonuses amongst the Assured, exclusive of those taken in Reduction of Premium, amounting to</i>	<b>902,144</b>

GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Actuary & Secretary.

# EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

## DIRECTORS.

SIR GEORGE RUSSELL, BART., *Chairman.*

CHARLES BISCHOFF, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.*

THOMAS ALLEN, Esq.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM  
HART DYKE, BART., M.P.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JAMES  
FERGUSON, BART., K.C.M.G.

THE HONOURABLE THOMAS F.  
FREMANTLE, M.P.

WM. A. GUY, M.B., F.R.S.

RALPH LUDLOW LOPES, Esq.

HENRY PAULL, Esq.

HENRY ROSE, Esq.

COLONEL THE HON. W. P. M. C.  
TALBOT.

## ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

GEORGE HUMPHREYS, Esq., M.A.

At the last Valuation (1882) the sum of £173,000 was set apart for the Assured under Participating Policies. The result is a Cash Bonus to Policies of £1,000, as follows:—

AGE AT ENTRY.	PRESENT AGES.	CASH BONUS.
20	25	£26 10 0
30	35	£28 10 0
40	45	£30 10 0
50	55	£33 10 0

*These Bonuses can be exchanged for Reversionary Additions or for Reductions of Premium.*

In addition to the four-fifths of the estimated Surplus allotted to the Assured with Profits, **interim Bonuses** are given on Policies of 5 years old and upwards, which become Claims between any two Valuations. The Assured have thus practically an **ANNUAL BONUS**. In this manner more than £15,000 was distributed during the last quinquennium.

## Annual Premiums for Assurance of £100 on a Single Life.—With Profits.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
11	1	16	2	21	2	2	4	31	2	11	10	41	3	7	4	51	4	14	10
12	1	16	8	22	2	3	1	32	2	13	1	42	3	9	5	52	4	18	6
13	1	17	2	23	2	3	11	33	2	14	4	43	3	11	8	53	5	2	4
14	1	17	9	24	2	4	9	34	2	15	8	44	3	14	0	54	5	6	6
15	1	18	4	25	2	5	7	35	2	17	1	45	3	16	6	55	5	10	11
16	1	18	11	26	2	6	6	36	2	18	7	46	3	19	2	56	5	15	7
17	1	19	6	27	2	7	6	37	3	0	2	47	4	1	11	57	6	0	7
18	2	0	2	28	2	8	6	38	3	1	10	48	4	4	10	58	6	5	10
19	2	0	10	29	2	9	7	39	3	3	7	49	4	8	0	59	6	11	5
20	2	1	7	30	2	10	8	40	3	5	5	50	4	11	4	60	6	17	4

*Annual Reports, Prospectuses, and Forms may be had, or will be sent, Post-free, on application at the Office, or to any of the Company's Agents.*

7.  
.

O  
g  
f

t  
c  
c

t  
f  
n  
f  
t  
A

n  
v  
P  
t

n  
d  
p  
l  
c  
in  
fr  
se  
to  
ci  
st  
fo  
p  
ol  
—

er  
er  
no  
th  
in  
ch  
it  
fr  
in

D  
G  
M  
L



# Scottish Widows' Fund Society.

## THE FOLLOWING OPINIONS

*expressed from time to time by those intimately acquainted with the history of the Society and the Benefits enjoyed by its Policyholders, are commended to the thoughtful consideration of Persons intending to effect Life Assurances.*

**The Late Earl of Rosebery.**—I believe this is one of the most extraordinary instances of progress in an institution that had begun without any capital, that can be adduced in any part of the United Kingdom.—15th January 1835.

**The Late Lord Cockburn.**—I presume to recommend you to urge all your uninsured friends to leave a position generally so full of risk. You may recommend them further to take the best Office they can find; and if they find a better than this, I can only say that they must be miraculously fortunate.—2d March 1847.

**The Late Marquis of Tweeddale.**—Follow my example. Go to a Mutual Insurance Office, where the profits of the business are added periodically to the Policies of the Insurers in the shape of Bonuses.—23d May 1856.

**The Late Rev. Dr. Guthrie.**—I hold that no man is justified in so acting as to leave his family dependent either upon private benevolence or public charity. To bring up a family in the lap of luxury, to accustom children to the comforts and indulgences of affluence, and then, in the otherwise sufficiently bitter day of a father's funeral, to leave them to find themselves dependants or beggars, appears to me to be a crime against the community, and a cruelty to the children which I have no words strong enough to express. . . . I feel therefore that such a Society as this, is not only parallel, so to speak, with the grand interests of morality and religion, but auxiliary to them.—23d May 1856.

**The Late Lord Kinloch.**—I speak my own experience, and I am sure I also speak the experience of others, when I say that there is nothing which more intensifies the sense of duty than the periodical discharge of obligations incurred to a Society like this. And the discharge of duty in that way has connected with it the highest possible reward, in a freedom from anxiety with regard to the future, which, in so far as it concerns the mere temporal affairs

of life, can in most instances not be otherwise attained. Old age has often been sweetened and tranquillised by it. The very pillow of death has sometimes been smoothed and softened by it.—23d May 1862.

**The Late Charles Jellicoe, Esq., PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES, LONDON.**—I have no hesitation in saying that this Society is looked upon as one of the very first; because it is an honourable Society; because it is perfectly open in all its dealings; because you publish all your accounts; because you give every person whatever ample means to satisfy himself as to its condition—even a stupid person can satisfy himself, and these are the principles upon which a great Society like this should be conducted.—29th December 1864.

**Lord Moncreiff.**—I wonder how much of domestic comfort, how much of peace of mind, how many a quiet home, has been produced by these figures, which represent in cold statistics the increasing prosperity of this great Institution. . . . It really means this—that as far as our Institution has spread its branches, so far have been spread the peace, the security, the advantage—nay, not only that, but the energy of mind which peace and security bring. The father toiling for his children, or a brother toiling for his sisters, or a man who gets a hard-earned livelihood out of the effort of his brain, by setting aside a little percentage—a kind of tithe paid to mortality—insures that, when his active brain or hard-working hand has ceased from labour, those that he leaves will be placed above want.—29th Dec. 1864.

**Sir John Gillespie, W.S.**—I think these figures are a most eloquent tribute to the care, attention, and prudence with which this Society has been conducted during the sixty-eight years of its existence on the part of the Directors, Managers, and Agents. It is a strong proof that our Society has struck its roots deep in our social system, and has spread its branches far and wide among all classes of the community.—5th April 1883.

LONDON OFFICE, 28 CORNHILL, E.C.—West End Agency, 49 PALL MALL.

DUBLIN . . . 41 WESTMORELAND ST.  
GLASGOW . . . 114 WEST GEORGE ST.  
MANCHESTER . . . ALBERT SQUARE.  
LIVERPOOL . . . 48 CASTLE STREET.  
NEWCASTLE . . . . . 12 GREY STREET.

BIRMINGHAM . . . 12 BENNETT'S HILL.  
LEEDS . . . . . 21 PARK ROW.  
BRISTOL . . . . . 40 CORN STREET.  
BELFAST . . . . . 2 HIGH STREET.

# THE Scottish Widows' Fund

(MUTUAL) LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE WHOLE PROFITS ARE DIVIDED AMONG  
THE POLICYHOLDERS.

## MAGNITUDE OF THE OPERATIONS.

Policies issued . . .	£39,000,000	Claims Paid . . .	£13,250,000
Bonus Additions . . .	8,100,000	Accumulated Funds . . .	8,200,000
Policies in Force . . .	25,250,000	Annual Revenue . . .	1,020,000

## PROFITABLE CHARACTER OF THE BUSINESS.

Cash Profit for Seven Years to 31st Dec. 1880 . . .	£1,347,756
Bonus Additions for the Seven Years . . . . .	2,449,072

This was the LARGEST DISTRIBUTION OF PROFIT made by any Life Office during the period. It yielded Bonuses from £1 : 14s. to £3 : 17 : 5d. per cent per annum on the Original Sums Assured, according to the duration of the Policies,—facts which clearly prove

*The Intrinsic Value of the Society's Mutual System, and  
The Highly Profitable Character of its Business.*

## LIBERAL CONDITIONS OF ASSURANCE.

<b>Surrender Values</b> allowed after payment of one year's premium.	<b>Loans</b> granted within a small margin of the Surrender Value.
<b>Paid-up Policies</b> allowed in lieu of Surrender Values.	<b>Extensive Foreign Residence</b> free of charge from the first.

*Most of the Society's Policies  
become Whole-World and Indisputable after the first Five Years.*

## THE ATTENTION OF

Persons desiring to effect LIFE ASSURANCES for the benefit of their Families, or in connection with Business Transactions, is called to the above **Financial Results and Conditions of Assurance**, which show how peculiarly suitable the Society's Policies are for Family Provisions, and for all Trust and Security purposes.

HEAD OFFICE, EDINBURGH,  
Feb. 1884.

A<sup>W</sup>. H. TURNBULL, *Manager.*  
J. J. P. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

H

o  
o  
o

y,  
o  
l,  
e

n  
e



EI  
Is t  
sec  
wer  
req  
wit  
sci  
con  
side  
the  
four

E  
F

T

24

M

LOX

over  
will r

ROE

THE

LAM

MAR



GOLD MEDAL

PARIS, 1878.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

CELEBRATED

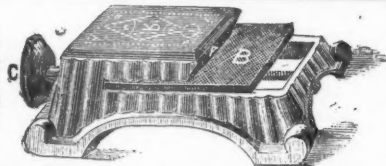
STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Packet bears the *fac-simile*  
Signature,

*J. S. Gillott*

No more Scissors  
to grind, oh!



Just Patented.  
Post Free, 2s. 3d.

### EDWARD SMITH'S NEW SCISSOR SHARPENER, REG.

Is the wonder of the age. It will put a better edge on a pair of scissors in ten seconds than any grinder can in ten minutes; anyone can use it, and it will never wear out; the directions are most simple, and not the least particle of skill is required; it does not wear away the scissors in the least; no household should be without one. Nothing can be worse when you have work to do than a blunt pair of scissors, but the trouble of sending them to a grinder, and the doubt if they will come home really sharp, also the certainty that they will be ground away to a considerable extent, and perhaps ruined, makes people put up with them, much to their discomfort. My Scissor Sharpener gets over all this difficulty, and will be found not only useful but a perfect boon.

In neat box, with full directions, Post Free, 2s. 3d.



**EDWARD SMITH'S NEW CHORAL SINGING TOP** is, without doubt, the most wonderful top ever invented. It plays most beautiful chords and harmonies, which can be instantly changed at the will of the performer without stopping or in any way impeding

the motion of the top. It is the most beautiful and interesting toy I have ever had to offer. Children are transported with delight, and may be amused with it for hours. It is of most simple construction, and cannot get out of order.

PRICE, in box, with full directions, 2s. 3d.,  
post free.

Grand Illustrated Catalogue of Toys and Games at lowest prices sent post free to any part of the world, 4 stamps.

Or the two for 4s.  
**Edward Smith, The City Toy Shop, 3, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

Furnish your House or Apartments throughout

ON

## MOEDER'S HIRE SYSTEM.

The Original, Best, and most Liberal Cash Prices.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR TIME GIVEN.

Illustrated printed Catalogues, with full particulars of terms, Post Free.

**F. MOEDER,**

248, 249, 250, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD; & 19, 20, 21, MORWELL ST., W.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

## MARCUS WARD & Co., LIMITED.

Post 4to, cloth back, decorated boards, price 5s.

**LONDON TOWN;** A Bright Child's Picture Book of the Great City. Containing beautiful and amusing coloured pictures of London's buildings, streets, and crowds. Designed by THOMAS CRANE and ELLEN HOUGHTON. With descriptive verses by FELIX LEIGH.

"To town children the instant recognition of known localities and characters will be a source of delight in turning over the bright picture pages of this volume, while to children in the country the gallery of London sights here presented will not fail to meet with full trustfulness."—*Morning Advertiser*.

### GIFT BOOKS.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE.** With numerous Illustrations specially engraved for the work. Handsomely bound in cloth, gold and black, 2s.

**THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.** Finely illustrated with numerous wood engravings. Handsomely bound in cloth, gold and black, 2s.

**LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE.** With extracts from the Plays. Illustrated with numerous wood engravings. Handsomely bound in cloth, gold and black, 2s.

\* \* \* School Editions of these three Books are issued, price 1s. 6d. per volume.

MARCUS WARD & Co., Limited, 67, Chandos Street, W., and at Belfast and New York.

# PEPPS'S

(GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING)

# C O C O A .

20 PRIZE MEDALS.

20 PRIZE MEDALS

**WILLIAM SUGG'S PATENT**  
 THE  
 "CHRISTIANA" FLATFLAME &  
 "LONDON" ARGAND  
**GAS BURNERS,**  
 SUN BURNERS, STREET LAMPS, VENTILATING LIGHTS, WATER HEATERS,  
 "CHARING CROSS" GAS FIRES, &c.  
**W. SUGG & CO., LD.** { Factory—Vineet Works, Westminster, S.W.  
 { Show Rooms—1 & 2, Grand Hotel Buildings, W.O.  
 WRITE FOR PARTICULARS, OR WHEN TRAVELLING BY ROAD OR RAIL,

**ALIGHT AT CHARING CROSS AND SEE THEM.**

## THE WONDERFUL VELVETEENS

AT 2/- A YARD.

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER, are the Manufacturers of fine, first-class Velveteens, which are now known all over the world. They are fast pile and fast dyed, and every inch is guaranteed. If a dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a new dress for nothing at all, and pay the full cost for making and trimming.  
 The price of these beautiful Velveteens in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.  
 LEWIS'S, of Market Street, MANCHESTER, manufacture these Velveteens themselves, and sell them (or it might almost be said give them) to the Public for 2s. a yard.  
 LEWIS'S ask Ladies to write for Patterns of these extraordinary Velveteens. They will then be able to judge for themselves whether LEWIS'S, of Market Street, MANCHESTER, praise their Velveteens too much. Write for Patterns on an ordinary post-card.  
 LEWIS'S pay Carriage on all Orders to any address in the United Kingdom. Please mention this Magazine when writing.

**LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.**

**To SAVE. To SAVE. To SAVE.**

All Intermediate Profits Given to the Purchasers!!!

WRITE TO THE

**BRADFORD MANUFACTURING COMPY.,**

Godwin Street, Bradford, Yorkshire,

Who will send to any address, Post Free, a Collection of Patterns of

**Home Manufactured Dress Fabrics**



For the PRESENT SEASON the Collection embraces a MOST MARVELLOUS COMBINATION OF BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS and Colourings in a variety of SORT Wool and other Materials.

The Zephyr Cloths, Printed Satteens, and other Plain and Fancy Cotton Materials surpass all previous productions.

The Century Tweeds, Serges, and Cloths for Ladies', Boys', and Gentlemen's Wear are the BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. Any Length Cut at Mill Prices. All Parcels over £1 Carriage Paid.

Note Address as above, and mention All the Year Round when writing.

FOR COUGHS, **HOGGE'S HOREHOUND HONEY**, FOR COLDS.  
 FOR SORE THROATS, **HOGGE'S HOREHOUND HONEY**, FOR SORE LUNGS.

**A PROMPT RELIEF GUARANTEED.**

"I consider your Horehound Honey the most wonderful remedy I have ever tried, possessing properties which are nothing short of marvelous for the cure of sore throat and coughs."

"MARIE ROZE."

"Your Honey is delicious. Yours truly,  
 "ELLEN TERRY."

Put up in 1s. 1½d. Bottles.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it in your neighbourhood, Messrs. W. M. HOGGE & CO., 64, King William Street, London, E.C., will post a bottle to any address upon receipt of price.